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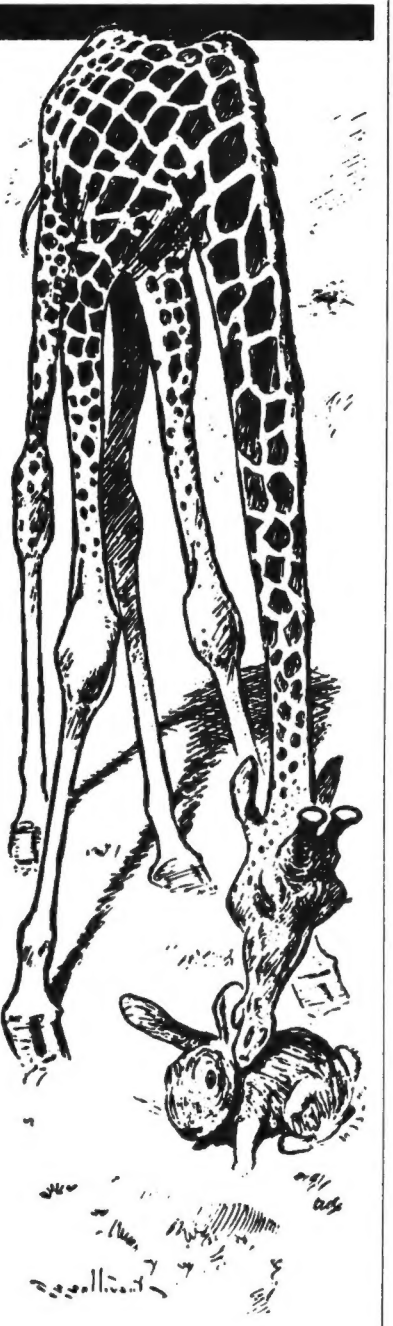
No. 26 **September 1987**



Editorial

Pulitzer Prizes for comic strips! 5

Those Cartooning Contests

Once upon a time there was a spawning ground for cartooning talent of the adolescent vintage. Thousands of youngsters subscribed to magazines like *Tip Top* and *Open Road for Boys*, competing in their Finish-the-Cartoon contests... and many went on to become famous professionals. Contestant Ed Hohman looks back. 8

A Classic Who's Zoo

T.S. Sullivant was the foremost of all animal cartoonists, combining a sense of the absurd with a sure eye for anatomy; and his drawings inspired two generations of cartoonists, from Disney stalwarts to Walt Kelly of *Pogo* fame. Animator Nancy Beiman introduces a lavish portfolio of classic drawings. 12

Silents, Please!

Jay Rath considers the classic pantomime strip *Henry*, and its creator, comic strip pioneer Carl Anderson. He also proposes that the wordless strip might be the art form's purest manifestation... something to ponder in silence. 42

The Whole Truth

Everett True has had a long career in comics, and not least among his distinctions is pioneering the daily-strip format. Mark Johnson, a True fan, traces the history of A.D. Condo's memorable character from the days before apartments went condo. 54

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10 Christmas issue, with a portfolio of cartoonists' Christmas cards. Also, Gustave Verbeek's *Upside-Downs*, Mell (*Miss Peach*) Lazarus interviewed, Ray Ewer, and *Mutt and Jeff*!

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Editorial

Keeping Apprised

In April the Pulitzer Prizes were awarded in their annual rite. Following recent patterns, a number of investigative reporters of local and national issues received awards. The *New York Times* won its usual complement. Somewhere in the middle of the list, those of us who are students and fans of political cartoons looked for the name of one chosen to stand in the tradition of Rollin Kirby, Ding Darling, John McCutcheon, Edmund Duffy, Bill Mauldin, Herblock, Oliphant, and MacNelly.

This year our eyes fell on the name of Berke Breathed.

Is that buzzing sound you hear the noise made by late Pulitzer winners spinning in their graves? Maybe, but more likely it's the buzzing that attended this year's meeting of the Association of American Editorial Cartoonists in Washington, D.C. Approximately 300 editorial cartoonists met for their 30th annual convention between May 6 and 9, 1987, and engaged in the fruitful, useful, and introspective activities that have become the hallmarks of that fine organization (unlike some other cartoonists' groups, the AAEC is not a mere chowder-and-marching society).

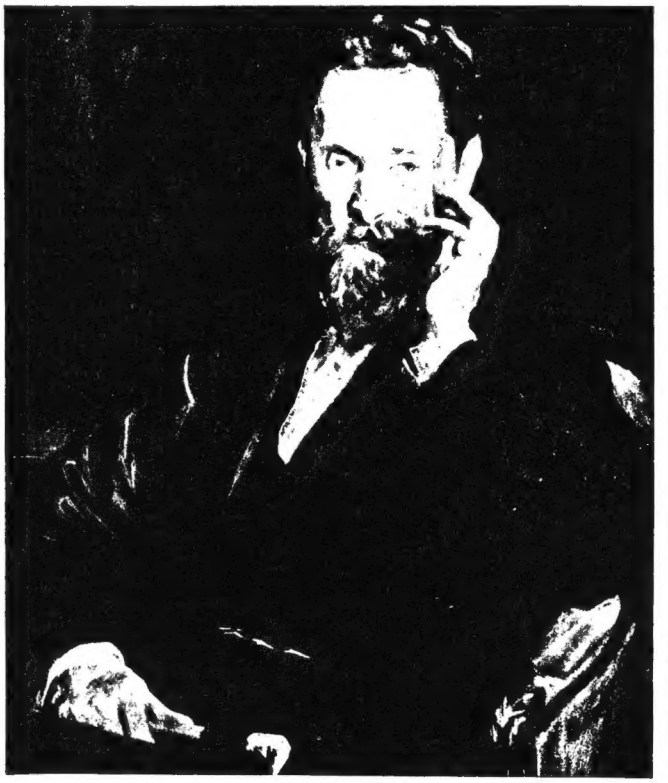
There was a panel on the state of the art—with a bit of controversy and discussion—composed of Jules Feiffer, David Levine, and Brad Holland. There was a panel on political cartoons and syndication. There was a lively business meeting discussing everything from an editor's alleged harassment of a cartoonist to scholarships for aspiring cartoonists to the subject of maintaining the association's archives. There was a reception at the White House (with President Reagan, Vice President Bush, and Secretary of Education Bennett), and at Congress (where House Speaker Jim Wright proved himself an able amateur caricaturist); and Mario Cuomo, governor of New York State and elusive presidential candidate, spoke at a luncheon on the day that Gary Hart, former senator from Colorado and elusive presidential candidate, withdrew from the race.

Nevertheless, with all the activities and celebrities and fraternizing, there was one topic that had the cartoonists buzzing: this year's Pulitzer Prize for editorial cartooning.

You see, one of their own did not win it. Breathed draws a comic strip, *Bloom County*, but the fact that a strip and not a traditional political cartoon won was not the sole reason the cartoonists were upset. There was no particular revolt in the ranks when Garry Trudeau won for *Doonesbury* a decade ago, and virtually no grumbling at all when Jules Feiffer won last year—and his political jibes are always in strip form.

No, the animus was directed at the nature of *Bloom County* itself, with comments from members ranging from the observation that it is more social than political, to critiques that it is simply a crummy comic strip. And what gave most offense of all is that—revealing the voting structure within the Pulitzer process—the jury nominated three political cartoonists, but the Pulitzer Board, which has final decision power, ignored the nomination process and jury recommendations, plucked *Bloom County* from a hat. It is their right, but no more of a right than the political cartoonists—and the cartooning community, including scholars, critics, and fans—to be concerned about what's going on as well.

The climax of the whole week came, fittingly, at the closing dinner. The speaker was Pat Oliphant, and at first it might seem odd that in a city where politicians are more numerous than ants at a picnic—and just as determined to mingle, especially with their tormentors—that a cartoonist should have been chosen to be the keynote speaker to a group of cartoonists. But Oliphant is different. First, Herblock and Mauldin may be the senior statesmen of political cartooning, and still producing powerful work, but Oliphant is clearly the stylistic and spiritual leader of the current generation. Moreover, he seldom descends from his Olympian studio to rub elbows with his confreres: it was plainly a treat for many of the professionals to have a chance to hear and see Pat Oliphant. Finally, what he had to say in his prepared speech was of great import to the cartooning field, to artists' self-esteem and-respect, and to the Pulitzer process, which has import to the journalism profession as a whole.



NAMESAKE—Joseph Pulitzer, publisher of the New York *World*; a father of the comic strip; and benefactor of the Pulitzer Prizes.

His speech was delivered somewhat nervously, underscoring nothing more than his fierce sincerity and white-hot anger. Characteristically—just as in his cartoons—he went to the heart of the matter in graphic terms and with brutal clarity. During the week the AAEC members fulminated privately on the subject, groused in the business meeting, and issued draft resolutions and manifestoes; the upshot of all expressing displeasure and proposing a jury of cartoonists (actually retired cartoonists, writers and critics, cartoonists disqualifying themselves each particular year) to sit on the Pulitzer jury.

But Oliphant issued a concrete call to arms. After delivering some delicious barbs at *Bloom County* and the general implications of such features' popularity ("Should we all consider the field of gift-shop merchandising instead of political commen-

tary?" represents his observation on the trend in strips generally and *Bloom County* in particular), he stated that political cartoonists have four choices confronting them.

What four avenues? That political cartoonists boycott the Pulitzer Prizes, refusing to submit entries for consideration. That the Pulitzer Board be petitioned to create a new category: if they like comic strips so much, go ahead and award legitimate prizes in that field. That cartoonists, or people closer to the field, sit as jurors to provide some authentic and informed opinion. And the fourth option open to political cartoonists: that they do nothing.

A boycott could be the most effective form of protest, confronting the Board in a manner they'd be obliged to address, and most tellingly, in a procedure that would attract publicity. But it's not likely to happen. First, it would suggest a type of solidarity that 300-some-odd (and some are very odd) free spirits would find hard to maintain; it would be voluntary, and only a few defections or declinations would spoil the strategy. Besides, the Pulitzer Board can act on work without formal nominations, although an award refused would be even worse publicity. Ultimately the nails were pounded into the boycott-coffin: after Oliphant's rousing speech—when an ad-hoc vote could have been taking by the frenzied mob of ink-stained protestors to take a strong stand—flower-petals of thanks and compliments were tossed from the podium for people connected to the convention, and the confab declared adjourned with an invitation to party for the balance of the evening. The boycott moment was lost.

Cartoonists as jurors may at the first sound like an appealing idea, but is in reality a fairly reprehensible concept. It would be an admission that *any* Board, not just the current Board, may have dealt itself opprobrium more grievous than any critics could—a fact that will forever, whatever the remedies, diminish the value of the Pulitzer Prize for Editorial Cartooning—but letting cartoonists vote for cartoonists does not answer the situation. The AAEC can institute its own awards, or members can join the National Cartoonists Society, where there is an annual category award for editorial cartoons, and where the major Reuben award has in fact been awarded to Herblock, Mauldin, Oliphant, and MacNelly in the past. Finally, cartoonists on the Pulitzer Board would open the procedure to charges, imagined or, perhaps someday, real, of clubbiness. In the best of all possible worlds the Pulitzer Board should represent the public at large, or at least the journalistic community. Now: To that end, cartoonists should be represented on the Board as working journalists, but the profession treads a dangerous fine line if, in the heat of indignation, it demands voting representation by quota or to purify its own category exclusively.

The option of doing nothing is what may happen. The AAEC may send letters and nominate personalities (two names bandied about are excellent choices: Richard West of the late, lamented *Target* magazine, and Lucy Caswell of Ohio State's cartoon library), but whether political cartoonists *individually* rise up in protest remains to be seen. The AAEC, for all its virtues, is not a guild; I am suggesting that individual expressions of outrage from the most influential opinion-molders in America would be more effective than a committee's letter.

Pat Oliphant's remaining option is the most attractive—for political cartoonists, for strip cartoonists, for the Pulitzer Board and its reputation, for world peace and human rights in general. There should be a separate category for comic strips.

Readers of *NEMO* know that the Royal We is devoted to the heritage of political cartoons as much as strips; we have offered several significant histories of the field. But *NEMO* is a magazine primarily devoted to strips. Nevertheless let us seize upon Pat Oliphant's suggestion and urge that there be a separate Pulitzer Prize for comic strips.

A Pulitzer Prize for comic strips!

Certainly it is within the Board's charter to create new categories; it has done so, and, in fact—although nothing of substance changed—once it retitled the "cartooning" category, a general area, to "editorial cartooning."

In one sense it would be the most appropriate action the Pulitzer Board could take, given its origins. The Board's name and trust derive from Joseph Pulitzer, immigrant publisher of St. Louis and New York, whose very activities during the journalistic wars of the 1890s gave birth to the comic strip. His New York *World* was home to the first successful newspaper cartoon in color, *Hogan's Alley*—starring America's first major comic character, the Yellow Kid. Many of the great names in the first generation of newspaper cartooning were his employees. The first widely popular Sunday comic section was his. And one of the earliest of the comic-strip syndication operations was Pulitzer's.

How appropriate that the name of Pulitzer be rejoined to that of the comic strip!

It would be simple justice and logic—and a move long overdue—to recognize that the comic strip is one of America's few native art forms, and that excellence of individual expression should be noted in the same spirit that playwrights and poets and novelists and newspapermen are recognized. To those who say, or think, that comics are mostly ephemeral trivialities, we will have to sigh and patiently agree, and point out again that most plays and poems and novels and material in most newspapers are likewise junk; and why must comics, alone amongst even the popular arts, be judged by its lowest exponents?

Now, imagine what kind of Hall of Fame would have obtained through the years had there been such a category. George Herriman, Cliff Sterrett, Frank King, Elzie Segar, Billy DeBeck: major names whose time passed before the Reuben awards. But such an award would have provided the opportunity for recognition that usually eluded less visible, less commercial artists like J.R. Williams, Harry Tuthill, and Jack Kent. Beyond that—Caniff, Crane, Foster, Raymond, Gray, Gould, Capp, Kelly, on into today's greats. And, once again, the opportunity to recognize some talented newcomer or relatively obscure genius normally penalized by a system where commercial success attends the various statuettes or plaques. In fact this would be an unprecedented opportunity to encourage new and individualized talent in a way that traditional awards do not at all. Comic books and graphic novels would logically be eligible for these awards.

The National Cartoonists Society Reuben awards would not be slighted by a Pulitzer Prize for comic strips. For one thing the Pulitzer Board recognizes plays and novels in the midst of dozens of awards from other bodies, and the value of any is not lessened. Further, the Reubens are opened to panel, advertising, animation, sports, and political cartoonists; also, foreign cartoonists are eligible (England's Ronald Searle has won) while the Pulitzer Prize for Comic Strips would be for American achievement.

Is there a period of creative stagnation? Then award no award. This has been done by the Pulitzer Board through the years when it seemed to have a clearer sense of its function and mission, and such an action was, possibly, a stronger critical statement than a fulfilled award.

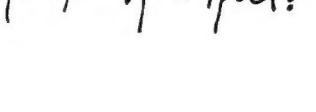
The political brethren deserve to have a purer category—the arguments about sloppy definitions is valid—but a Pulitzer Prize for Comic Strips should not be advocated on the basis of leftovers or second thoughts.

The comic strip is a valid, proud, independent form of expression, with an incredibly rich heritage and virtually unlimited boundaries of potential—dramatic, comedic, satiric. It deserves to be both recognized and encouraged; and the fact that there hasn't been a Pulitzer category thus far is frankly more to the shame of the Establishment than a loss to the profession.

But the situation can be rectified, by a campaign of education and petition.

If you agree with *NEMO*'s position, please let us know, for we will be organizing a formal effort. In the meantime—and this can be very important—in a display of solidarity with this position, please write to the Pulitzer Board expressing your sentiments, or referring to ours. In future months we will be enlisting allies and supporters outside the circle of cognoscenti.

Until then, keep the cards and letters going to Mr. Robert Christopher, Administrator, Pulitzer Prize Committee, Rm. 702, Columbia Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, N.Y., N.Y. 10027.



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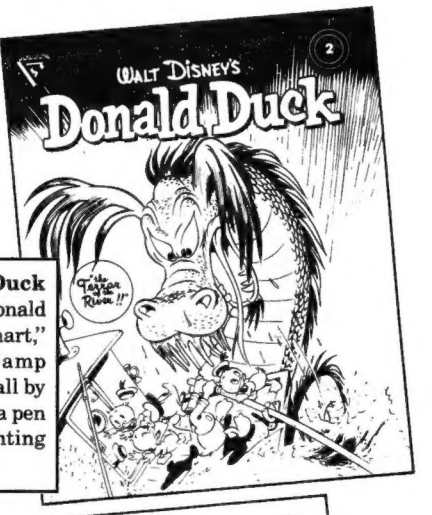
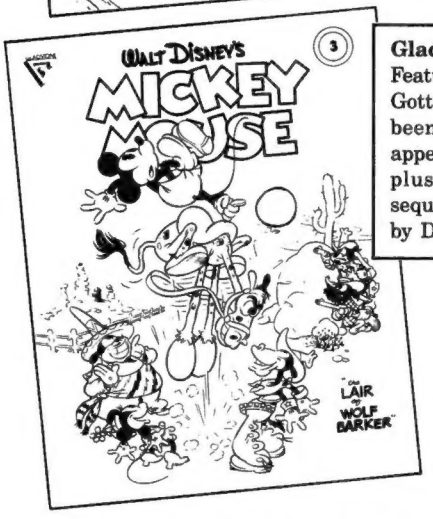


Gladstone Album No. 2—Donald Duck Features "Terror of the River," a long Donald Duck adventure, and "Seals Are So Smart," from Four Color 108, plus "Camp Counselor" from **Vacation Parade** 1, all by Carl Barks. Daan Jippes' front cover is a pen and ink adaptation of a Barks oil painting that was based on the lead story.



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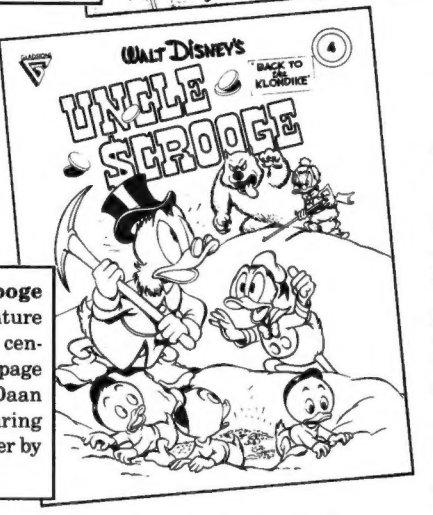

Gladstone Album No. 4—Uncle Scrooge Features Carl Barks' classic adventure "Back to the Klondike," including all censored pages (**plus** the long-missing half-page penciled by Barks and inked by Daan Jippes) and two more Barks tales featuring Uncle Scrooge and Gyro Gearloose. Cover by Carl Barks.

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Those Early Cartoon Contests . . .

Humble Beginnings For Today's Greats

By Edward J. Hohman

Anyone interested in the comic strips of the pre-World II era, and who follow such characters as *Beetle Bailey* and *Judge Parker,* will certainly understand my nostalgic attachment to them. I was there in the late 1930s and early 1940s when the men who later created these syndicate successes were just breaking into print! I competed with them in the various cartoon contests that appeared in comic books and one boys' magazine in particular.

Tip Top Comics was by far the best "show place" for the aspiring cartoonist in those days. Published by United Feature Syndicate, this monthly magazine ran about a dozen strips that were selected from the submissions of amateur cartoonists. The one-dollar prize that came with the publication of one's work was not the sought-after goal, of course. It was getting one's cartoons printed in a magazine with a national circulation!

I can still remember the thrill of seeing my first published strip one summer day in 1937. I hadn't been notified that the strip was accepted, so was happily surprised to open the issue in which it appeared.

Around 1939, *Tip Top Comics* began a new contest featuring a Western hero called Buffalo Bob. Each month the aspiring cartoonists were given the opportunity to extricate Bob from one of his many perilous predicaments.

The *Open Road for Boys* magazine also ran a monthly problem cartoon in which a different character was involved in some life-or-death situation that required a clever cartoon solution or rescue.

The prizes in these contests were minuscule by today's standards, but the times were very different. These were Depression years, and the awards of five, three, and two dollars for first, second, and third prizes were not to be frowned upon. A yongster could go to a movie for 10 cents, or even buy another comic book for the same amount.

Failing to win a cash prize in the *Open Road* competition wasn't too devastating either—as long as one achieved honorable mention, and had a cartoon published on the same page with the winners.

Among the many would-be professionals of this period were Mort Walker, of later *Beetle Bailey* fame, and Dan Heilman, who later drew the *Judge Parker* strip for Publisher's Syndicate.

Even as a youngster, Mort Walker's cartoons seemed to have a very professional appearance. His style or technique was quite modern for those days, and his clean, sharp pen lines gave evidence of real talent.

Dan Heilman was another outstanding artist in these early competitions. A master of utilizing Benday screen tints in his work, his cartoons always stood out in sharp contrast to the many less professional efforts with their scratchy pen lines.

I corresponded with Heilman after the war. He remembered my name and my work from the contests.

There were, of course, other cartoonists efforts. Eldon Pletcher, editorial cartoonist for the *Times-Picayune/States Item,* in New Orleans, Louisiana; and Bill Yates, now Comics Editor for King Features Syndicate, deserve special mention. Yates was cartoon editor for Dell humor magazines and creator of the *Professor Phumble* strip before serving at King. He now draws *The Small Society*.

Leo Stoutsenberger's cartoons gave an early indication of a bright future. He went on to establish the very successful Cartoonerama correspondence school, and his talents as a watercolor painter resulted in his publishing a book on the subject not too long ago.

After World War II, I was employed by Chad Grothkopf at his New Yorker Studios in Washington, D.C. Chad, as he signed his work, was one of the most prolific, polished cartoonists I've ever seen. He did much, if not all, of Fawcett's funny animals comic books, and I can still remember lugging an armload of his original comic book pages as I took the train to New York for their late delivery. Chad's fast, furious, brush and ink renderings were done over very rough pencil indications rather than careful, detailed outlines. He held the brush vertically as he turned out page after page of these Disney-type comic animal cartoons. He later drew the *Howdy-Doody* comic strip.

I regret that I don't have any of the comic magazines or *Open Road* publications in which my work appeared. Family members, not fully aware of the value of these very personal possessions, probably disposed of them while I was in the service. Comic magazines were not held in high esteem by everyone in those days. . . something that hasn't changed too much over the years.

I am happy about one thing. I do have all of the letters I received from the magazines that published my cartoons and awarded me prizes. Most of them were syndicate-owned, and the letterheads themselves might well be considered collector items. These publications, which spanned the years 1937 through 1940, were: *Popular Comics* and *The Funnies* (Dell Publishing Co.); *Tip Top Comics* (United Feature Syndicate); *Ace Comics* and *Magic Comics* (King Features Syndicate, published by David McKay Co.); *Jumbo Comics* (Fiction House Inc.); *Star Comics* (Centaur Publications).

Winning the Assistant Editor Contest in Star Comics did not involve a cartoon submission, but it did require a letter to the editor.

I have managed to pursue a successful career as a commercial artist, and enjoy a side-line of freelance greeting card writing. I've sold ideas and verse to 45 publishers, and a book which I co-authored in 1981, entitled *The Greeting Card Handbook,* was published by Harper & Row.

Looking back, I'm not too surprised to have become involved in writing. I can remember sitting at the typewriter as a youngster, punching out letters to editors, entering contests, and dreaming of some day working in New York City.

The years have not erased those pleasant memories of the early days of the comic books, and the time when I shared the humble beginnings of some of today's great names in cartooning.

Well, are you TIP TOP cartoonists all set for another BUFFALO BOB problem? Heres' a dandy. Something must have happened to Bob's horse because here we find him in the middle of the desert —under a sweltering sun, and is he getting fried to a crisp! Just as he is about to give up in the distance, what does he see—a great, big, cool, delicious-looking strawberry ice-cream soda. Now, of course, you can figure this out. It's a mirage. But Buffalo Bob doesn't know that. Draw your solution to this Buffalo Bob Contest, Problem No. 11. Get busy on it today and send your solution in postmarked no later than midnight, August 15. The five winning solutions will be published in a forthcoming issue of TIP TOP COMICS. The winners in each case will receive a prize of one dollar. Be sure your drawing is the right size and that your name and address are clearly printed on the back.

PROBLEM No.11

RULES

1—Always use black ink, preferably black drawing ink.
2—Don't put color in your drawing. It must be black and white only.
3—Don't use anything but white paper or white drawing board.
4—Make your drawing for the BUFFALO BOB contest exactly 6 inches wide by 7 inches deep. For the regular cartoon strip contest, make your drawing 10 inches long and 3 inches deep.
5—On the back of your drawing, print carefully, your name—your address (street and city and state)—your age.
6—State what brand of ink you used to draw with.

We are proud to announce to the TIP TOP CARTOON CLUB that one of its earlier contributors and members came in to see us the other day to thank us for the help and advice he had received while sending work to the Club. He is now steadily employed doing his own original strip for a firm in New York City. We mention this, first because we know you like news of other members, and secondly, to help some of you who may be discouraged at this time because your work is as yet unpublished. There is no reason why many hundreds of members cannot some day realize their ambition to become cartoonists. Remember, you can send in both the BUFFALO BOB CONTEST and the ORIGINAL COMIC CARTOON CONTEST. Each of the winners will receive one dollar. If you submit winning cartoons in both contests, you will receive one dollar for each one. Get busy today.

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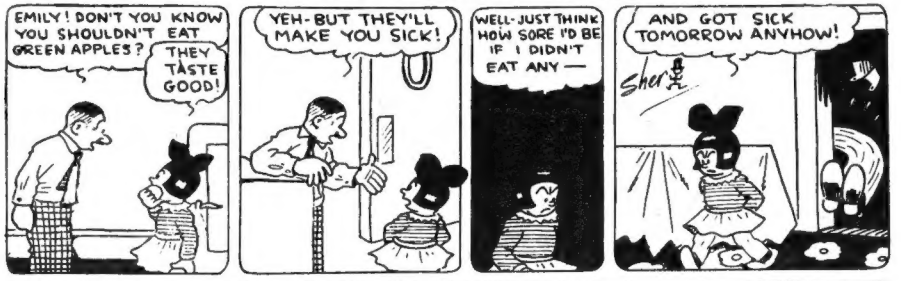
Tarzan, Li'l Abner, Mary Mixup, Captain and the Kids and others in Tip Top Comics are drawn with Higgins' American India Ink. It is the ink that great artists and cartoonists have used for over 50 years.

FREE You need it to get the best effects in your own work. Tell dad to get you a bottle today and then send the top of the Higgins' box to the Cartoon Editor of Tip Top Comics with your name and address and we will send you FREE an instruction sheet written about three of America's greatest cartoonists explaining how they work and why they use Higgins' Drawing Ink.

HIGGINS

2nd Prize
A COUPLA DECOYS AN' OL BETSY MAKE A A1 ROCKET BOAT
BANG! BANG!
THE OPEN ROAD for Boys
HOW HUGH WAS SAVED
Below at centre left is the "Problem" and grouped around it are the three prize winning cartoons submitted by Open Road readers, two "special mention" and eight of the best cartoons receiving "honorablemention!"
See opposite page for names of prize winners
3rd Prize
BANG
1st Prize
CONSTRUCTION COMPANY TO THE RESCUE!
DON'T WORRY 'OPEN ROAD' CARTOONISTS! HUGHS FAITHFUL HUNTING HOUNDS WOULDN'T LET THE QUICKSANDS GET HIM FOR ALL THE DOG BISCUITS IN THIS WHOLE WIDE WORLD
HUSTER AND BONZO YOU WILL BOTH GET A MEDAL FOR THIS
Special Mention
The Problem
Special Mention
JUST SEND YOUR BALL TO ME!
oh Boy! the Sudden rise of my Stock sure got me out of that hole!
SAVED BY A CAT TAIL
THANKFUL DUCK WHOM HUGH THE HUNTER HAD ONCE SHOT AT BUT MISSED, SAVES HIS LIFE!

AMONG THE BEST SUBMITTED BY OUR OWN TIP TOP CARTOONISTS

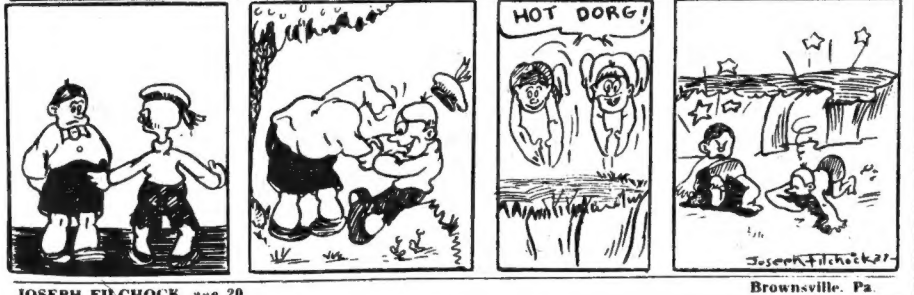

EMILY! DON'T YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T EAT GREEN APPLES?
THEY TASTE GOOD!
YEH-BUT THEY'LL MAKE YOU SICK!
WELL-JUST THINK HOW SORE I'D BE IF I DIDN'T EAT ANY —
AND GOT SICK TOMORROW ANYHOW!
Sheri

GODDARD SHERMAN, age 15 — Winter Haven, Fla.

ALFRED HORMEL, JR., age 14 — New York, N. Y

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT NEW WINDOW BLIND, JIM?
MY CUSTOMERS GAVE IT TO ME, BILL
JIM'S MARKET
HUH! MINE NEVER GIVE ME ANYTHING. HOW DID YOU DO IT?
WELL YOU SEE—
BILL'S GROCERY
I PUT A COLLECTION BOX IN THE STORE WITH A SIGN — "FOR THE BLIND"
CLEEPS!

L. W. DAVIS, age 16 — Oakland, Cal



JOSEPH FILCHOCK, age 20 — Brownsville, Pa.

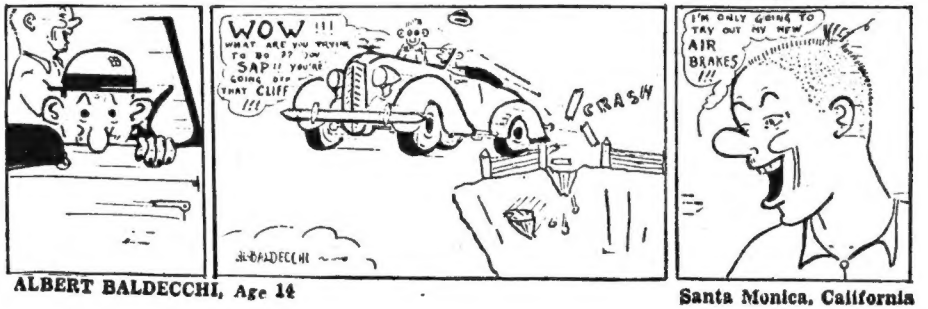
AMONG THE BEST SUBMITTED BY OUR OWN TIP TOP CARTOONISTS

FRED MAY, Age 13 — Dallas, Texas

JAMES DUGGAN, Age 13 — Cedar Rapids, Iowa

OL' JOE STORY TELLER
"WHEN I WAS IN THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION, I MET A BIG ARAB WITH KNIFE AND GUN, AND I HAD FORGOTTEN MY GUN
—BUT I DID HAPPEN TO HAVE MY TIP-TOP WITH ME I SHOWED IT TO HIM; HE DROPPED HIS WEAPONS AND STARTED TO LAUGH—
HE LAUGHED SO LONG AND SO MUCH THAT HE BROKE A BLOOD VESSEL AND DIED. FROM THEN ON, I NEVER TRAVELLED WITHOUT TIP-TOP COMICS
GEO. R. GANS

GEORGE R. GANS, Age 12½ — Brooklyn, New York


WOW!!!
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO ?? JOE SAP!! YOU'RE GOING OFF THAT CLIFF
CRASH
I'M ONLY GOING TO TRY OUT MY NEW AIR BRAKES
ALBERT BALDECCHI

ALBERT BALDECCHI, Age 14 — Santa Monica, California

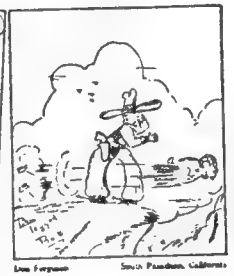
WINNERS of the "BUFFALO BOB" CONTEST No. 8

Best solution

Above is the problem that was presented in the June issue of **TIP TOP COMICS.** At right and below are the winners of the **BUFFALO BOB Contest No. 8.** In the opinion of the judges, the solution to the right was the best. Printed below are the next best solutions chosen.

G. Ward — Philadelphia, Penna.

B. Krupa — Meriden, Connecticut



Lew Ferguson — South Pasadena, California

Jimmie Eng — San Francisco, California

L. Anderson — Des Moines, Iowa

In looking over the hundreds of entries that come in each month for the TIP TOP Cartoon Club, we see that many of them appear once or twice and then are never heard from again. On the other hand, there are many who send work in each month. Now if every member were seriously interested in cartooning, this would not be the case. Everybody would send work in all the time. So we feel that some members need a little "pep talk." There's the fellow who says: "Gosh, I'd like to be a cartoonist and do work like famous cartoonists. I think I'll do it!" Then he sits down and makes a drawing and sends it in. He waits three, four, or five months to see if his work is published. Maybe he gets up courage to send in one more, and if that isn't published, that's the last we hear of him. Now that's the wrong attitude to take. The fellow who succeeds is the fellow who sits down at his table, draws a cartoon and sends it in BUT HE DOESN'T WAIT TO SEE IF IT IS PUBLISHED. He starts right out to do another—and another—and another. And, of course, his drawings get better and better until finally someone recognizes the merit of his work, then he is on his way to success. Those are the kind of members we want in the TIP TOP Cartoon Club. One more word of advice. With the hot weather here and everything, it's kind of tough sometimes to sit down and make drawings. But remember, during the summer there are a lot of rainy days. That's the time to plug. So get busy at once. Send in your solutions to the BUFFALO BOB CONTEST and to the ORIGINAL COMIC CARTOON CONTEST, care of TIP TOP COMICS Magazine, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

The Quicksands Cartoon Contest

HOORAY! Hugh the Hunter was saved from the quicksands! But the Cartoon Editor nearly went under! Such a flood of cartoons came in, and from a great many new entrants too, that the Editor had to dig and dig to get out in time to announce the winners in this number. You Open Road Cartoonists certainly do possess peppy imaginations and clever pens.

First Prize, $5.00 — EMIL KOTASEK, Endicott, N. Y.

Second Prize, $3.00 — FRANK REPOSEY, Braznell, Pa.

Third Prize, $2.00 — BILL SETON, Shelby, Ohio

Special Mention: Carol Benge, Winterset, Iowa; Ted Vosk, New York, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

In the list below the first eight names are of those boys whose cartoons you see reproduced, together with the winners, on the opposite page.

Marcel Olender, Toledo, Ohio
Burton Blanchard, Cornish Flat, N. H.
Harold Fraser, Los Angeles, Calif
Jack Collopy, Kansas City, Mo.
Forrest Stewart, White Bear Lake, Minn.
Glen Roberts, Wilmette, Ill.
Bob Hermans, Detroit, Mich.
Stephen Prohaska, Johnston, N. Y.

Tatsuo Yoshiyama, Hilo, Hawaii
Owen Fenneman, Evansville, Ind.
Arval Grover, Magna, Utah.
Clayton Wise, St. Marys, Pa.
Tom Davis, Los Angeles, Calif.
John Grepp, Indianapolis, Ind.
Joe Needham, Gilroy, Calif.
Boots Teasdale, Mineral Wells, Tex.
Howard Dailey, Lafayette, La.
Charles Chalman, Palmer, Mich.
LeRoy Cross, Modesto, Calif.
Arthur Avant, St. Louis, Mo.
Robert Rawson, East St. Louis, Ill.
Richard Reath, Freewater, Ore.
George Shurtleff, Payette, Idaho.
Donald Teeters, Toledo, Ohio.
Fleming Thompson, Nashville, Tenn.

Foster Whitworth, Fairfield, Conn.
James Hays, III, East Lansing, Mich.
Richard Wilt, Oakmont, Pa.
John Newkirk, Tucson, Ariz.
George McKeighen, Lafayette, Ind.
James Omodera, Seattle, Wash.
Leonard Brahms, Los Angeles, Calif.
Cecil Cook, Miami, Fla.
Harry Provence, Greenville, Tex.
Philip Boulton Waltham, Mass.
Winston Wilcox, Denver, Colo.
Albert Ettorre, Bridgeport, Conn.
Edward Gunts, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
George Jessup, New York, N. Y.
Herbert Frahm, LeMars, Iowa.
Billy Blair, Matagorda, Tex.
Roger Travis Chesham, N. H.
Edmund McMillian, Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Cosmo Angelo Schenectady, N. Y.
Donald Weichlein, San Antonio, Tex.
Torrey Gruthers, Jr., Oneida, N. Y.
A. B. Wright, Bagley, Minn.
James Watson, St. Louis, Mo.
Davis Dennis, Ottawa, Kans.
Albert Lewis, Minersville, Pa.
Henry Hughes, Jr., Dallas, Tex.
Ronald Alpaugh, Portland, Ore.

Ripp and Tipp Cartoon Contest

RIPP'S rock is ripping,—
Tipp's toes are tipping!
Tragedy triumphs! The mountaineers are *near* the mountain, but *nearer* a dive to the depths.
Three strikes! (gold). And Ripp and Tipp strike out! (after the long yellow.)
Mounting up the mountains in search for the fields of gold,
Fighting fiercely forward through hardships and grief untold.
Climbing peaked precipices that tower grim and tall,
Over barren ledges, they bravely struggle, strive and crawl.
And then at length confronted by the steepest wall of all,
They rope themselves together lest the one or t'other fall.
Alas, a rip, a slip, a tip, a parachuteless pair
They find themselves a-winging a-down Alaskan air!——

Boys, we haven't the heart to finish this epic poem! It's too awful already, and the rest would be worse,—for you, for us, for Ripp, for Tipp, for everybody. So we'll leave Ripp and Tipp to zipp, like animated angels, through the atmosphere.

The prospect for the prospectors is painfully pitiful as they violently volplane to the valley. Only you Open Road cartoonists can rescue Ripp and Tipp. Never before have you been called on to save two lives at the same time. The task is doubly difficult, but Ripp and Tipp depend on you. Do not fail them!

For the best and funniest cartoons picturing the rescue of Ripp and Tipp, *The Open Road for Boys offers*

Three Prizes: First Prize, $5.00; Second, $3.00; Third, $2.00

Cartoons must be exactly 4 in. wide by 5 in. high, drawn in black ink on white paper. Write your name and address plainly on back of cartoon. Cartoons must reach the Cartoon Editor, THE OPEN ROAD FOR BOYS, 130 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass., not later than January 15, 1931. Winners will be announced in the March number of the magazine.

OBEY THESE RULES!
The rules of this contest specify that the cartoons which you submit MUST be drawn in BLACK INK.
To be sure of getting the best results use
HIGGINS'
Waterproof
Black Drawing Ink
(India Ink)
—the ink that has been used for half a century by the world's foremost artists and cartoonists.
Buy it today at your stationer's or druggists.
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The Comic Zoo of T.S. SULLIVANT

Cartooning's Master of Animal Drawings

By Nancy Beiman

T. S. Sullivant was one of the greatest influences animation has had since Winsor McCay, in addition to being the greatest animal caricaturist this country has produced.

His name has been a byword at the Walt Disney studios for the past 45 years, ever since T. Hee brought in a collection of clippings from the old *Life* and *Judge* magazines to use as inspirational material for the "Dance of the Hours" sequence in *Fantasia*. The Walrus in *Alice in Wonderland,* the elephants in

Dumbo, and many minor animal characters in Disney and Warner cartoons, can trace their ancestry to Sullivant drawings that appeared at the turn of the century. Walt (*Pogo*) Kelly kept a gorgeous Sullivant original, "The Naming of the Animals," over his studio door.

A younger generation of animators was exposed to Sullivant's work through the teaching of T. Hee in his caricature class at the California Institute of the Arts during the past decade. T., the director of "The Dance of the Hours" and several sequences in *Pinocchio*, brought in some of the original photos he had had made up for Disney many years before; his compilation is still in use at the Disney studio library. It was at this time that I became completely enamored of this cartoonist's work.

Of Sullivant's work in *Life*, the old humor magazine, the earliest contributions are superb drawings, but are very stiff and heavily rendered. The action is well analyzed; but it is at times difficult to see any caricature element in the work. Sullivant worked for *Life* and *Judge* until 1925, the year of his death; the later the date of the drawings, the more broad and hilarious they become. You can literally see, year by year, a broadening of the forms, greater exaggeration in the poses, and simplification of the rendering, until cows and monkeys are reduced to a series of abstractions that, nevertheless, are anatomically correct and perform actions that are meticulously analyzed and exaggerated to the point of insanity. The man did his best work when he was in his sixties.

The pen-and-ink artists of the 1890s through the 1920s were the first generation of artists were able to see how animals and people really moved, thanks to the motion picture, and particularly to the photographic studies of Eadweard Muybridge which did away forever with the "rocking-horse gallop," and other cherished conventions of the artistic world. Muybridge's influence cannot be overstated; it is even referred to humorously in one of A.B. Frost's classic cartoons of the period. Artists such as Kemble, Sullivant, and Frost were animators in the sense that they were more interested in drawing the fourth-dimensional figure; the *time* and *space* between the poses, which is the most important thing in animation.

A simplified explanation of the above terms may be illustrated as follows—a cartoon illustrator of the middle 19th century, if asked to show a person being lifted by the ear, rarely showed anything but a 'contact' drawing; the later artists would show the anticipatory pose or the follow-through, with the character being lifted off the ground by the ear more often than not. The major difference is that the later artists were exposed to high-speed photography, with its "freezing" of otherwise invisible action. It is this action that they delight in portraying

T. S. SULLIVANT.

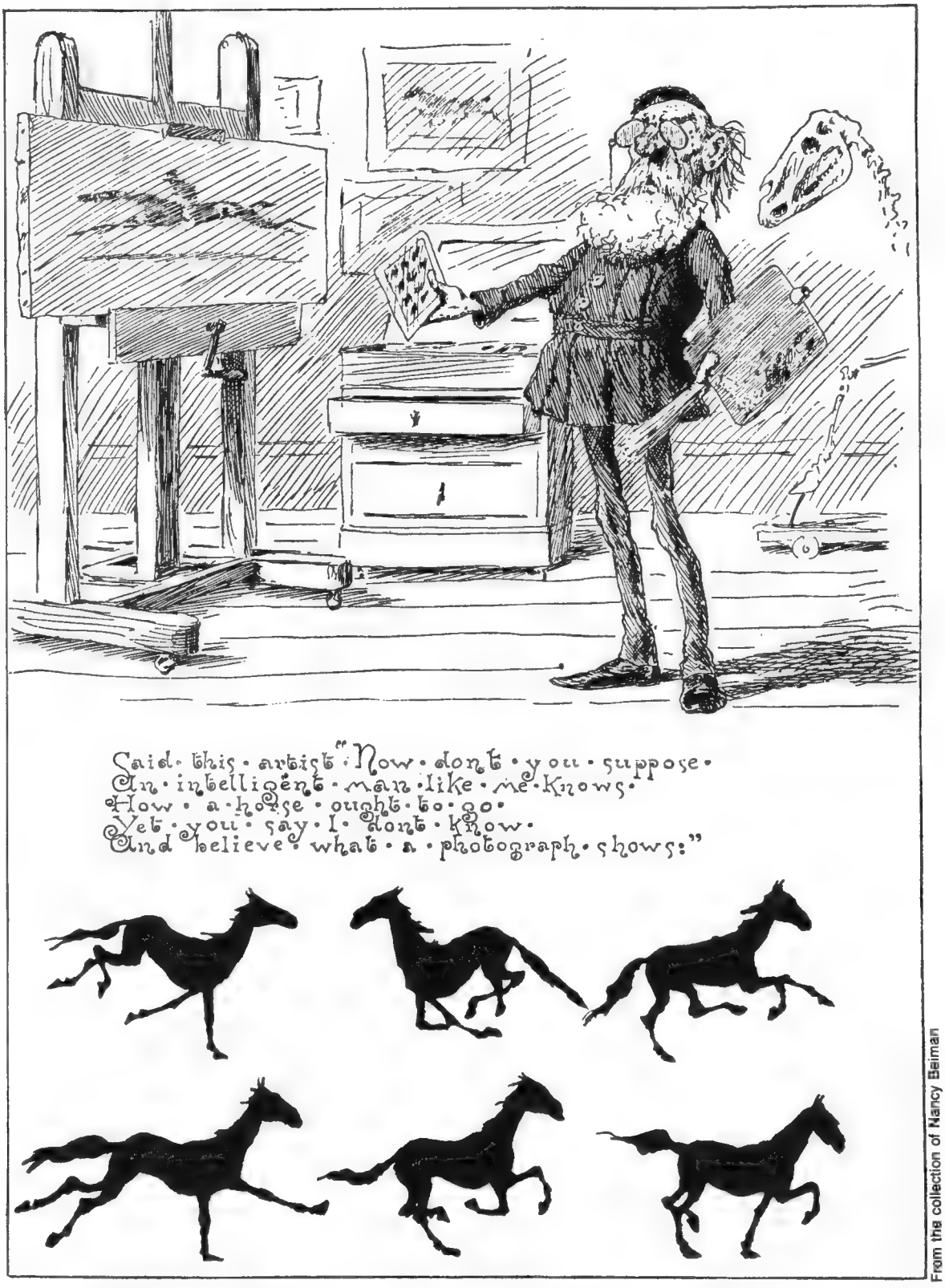
in their work. The action often becomes the "gag" in Sullivant's cartoons; the jokes are rarely verbal. The titles are expendable for the most part; the humor comes from the grotesque yet believable appearance of his animals and people, and the sometimes furiously animated poses.

There is a sheer joy of drawing his creatures that is very evident in all of Sullivant's work . . . and that is still a joy to look at today. I think this is the secret of all great art; it is certainly essential to great animation.

T.S. Sullivant was a great animator. I am delighted to see that his work is becoming better known; he was a true original.

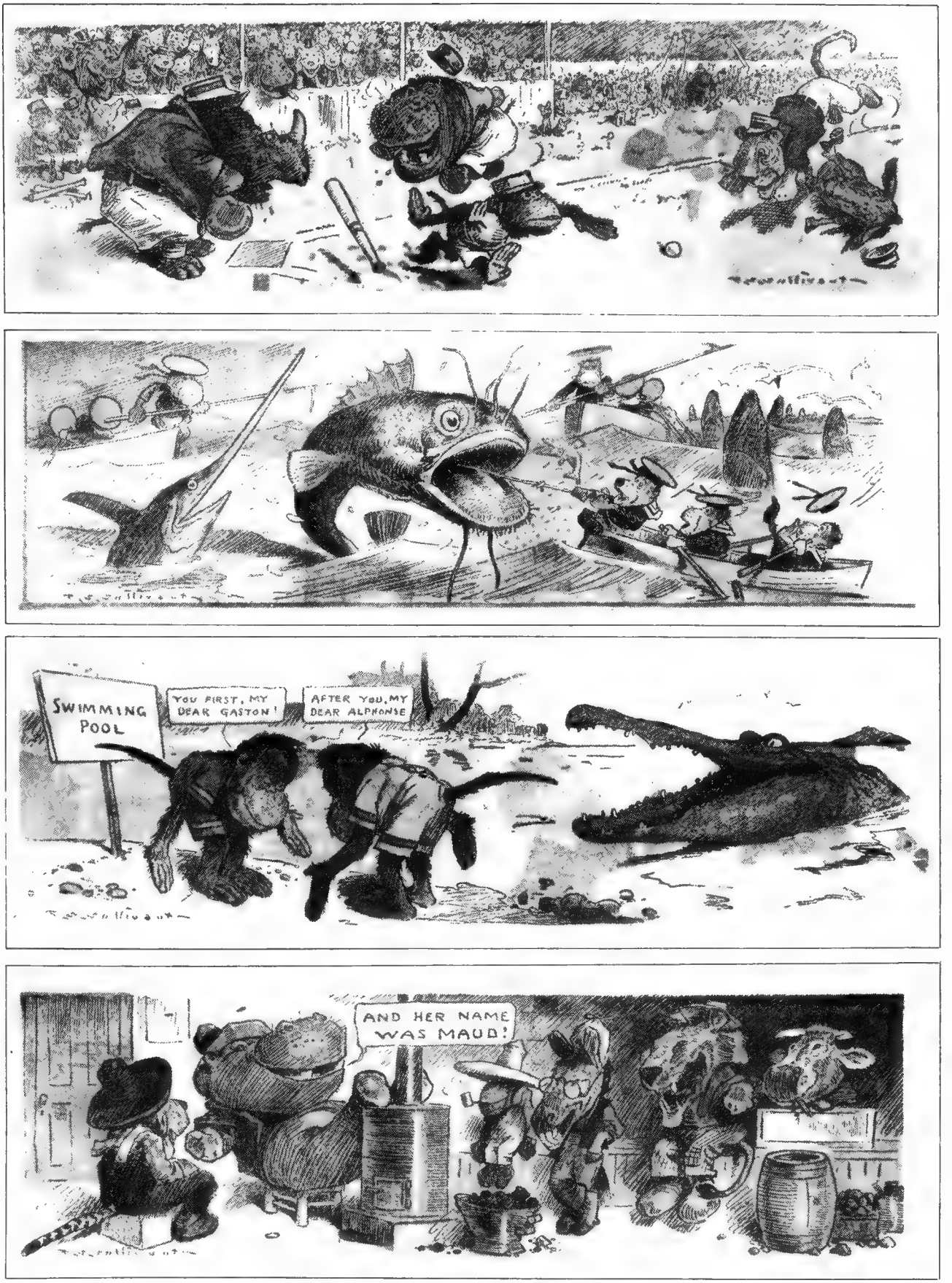
Nancy Beiman studied animation at the Disney school at the California Institute of the Arts from 1975 to 1979. She has worked for Disney, Bakshi, Rick Reinert Productions, and numerous commercial houses; and currently operates her own studio in New York City.

1906 Horse studies. Note that the pencil lines are still visible under the ink rendering. From the collection of Nancy Beiman.


Said this artist "Now dont you suppose
An intelligent man like me Knows
How a horse ought to go
Yet you say I dont know
And believe what a photograph shows:"

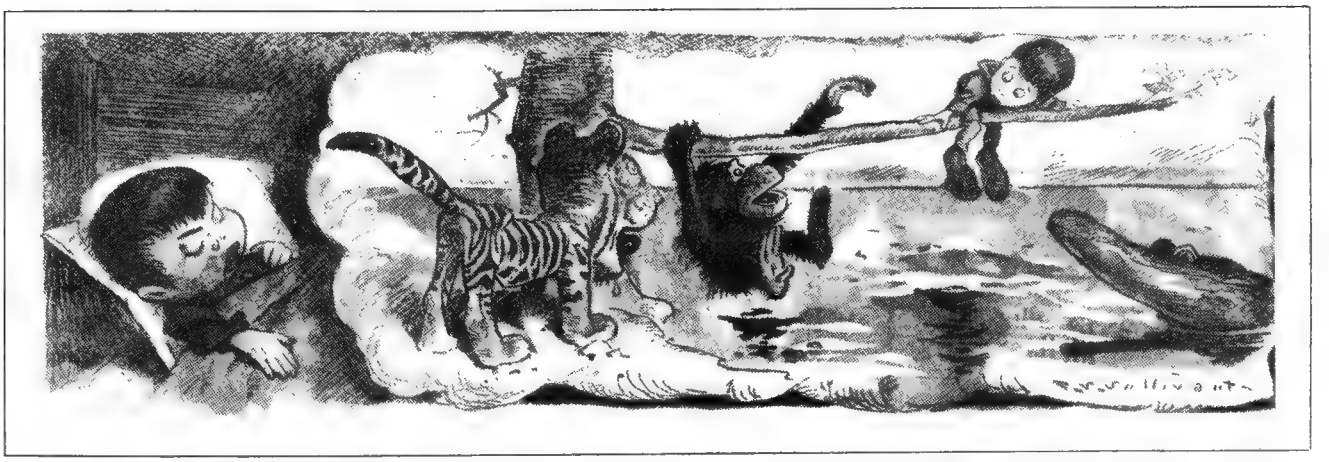
From the collection of Nancy Baiman

ANIMATION—The legendary A.B. Frost, teacher of T.S. Sullivant and inspiration to many cartoonists and illustrators, made a humorous commentary on the photographic discoveries of Eadweard Muybridge in his 1884 collection *Stuff and Nonsense*. Muybridge's work on animals in motion in fact assisted cartoonists like Frost and Sullivant in their examinations of human and animal figures' anatomies in locomotion. The silhouettes in the cartoon are actually Muybridge's.

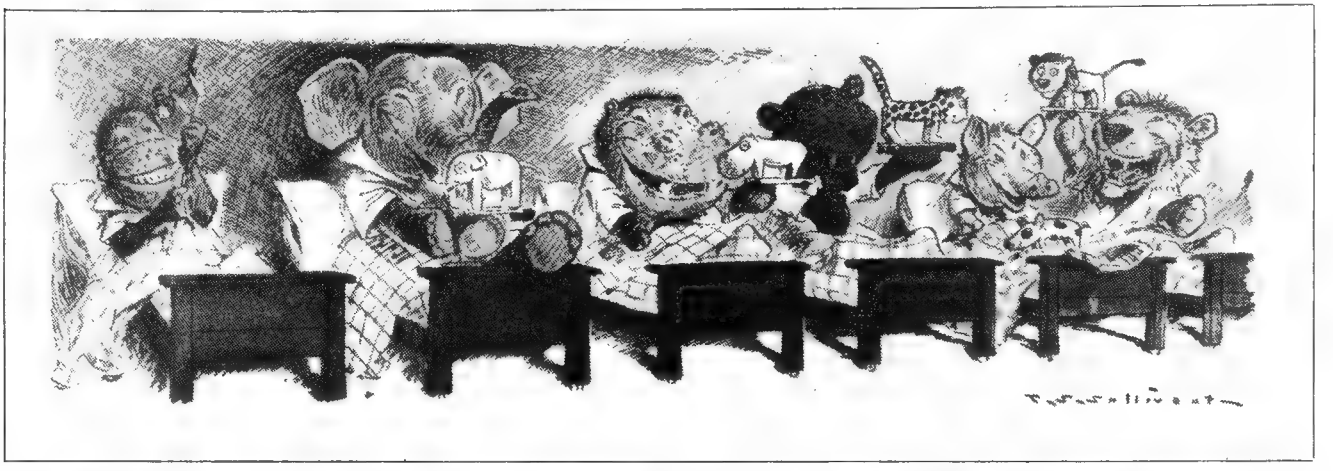


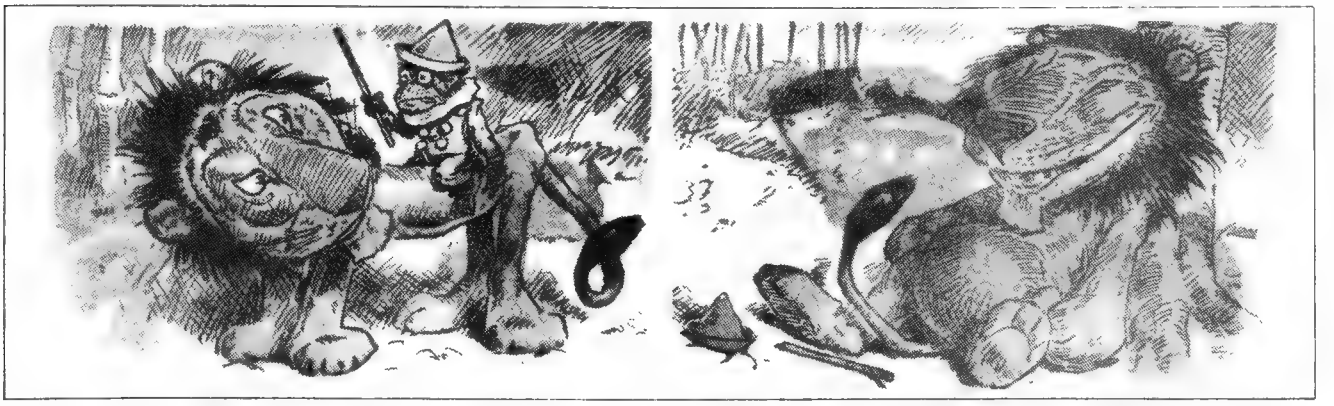
All artwork except otherwise indicated from the collection of Rick Marschall and dates from 1899-1925.

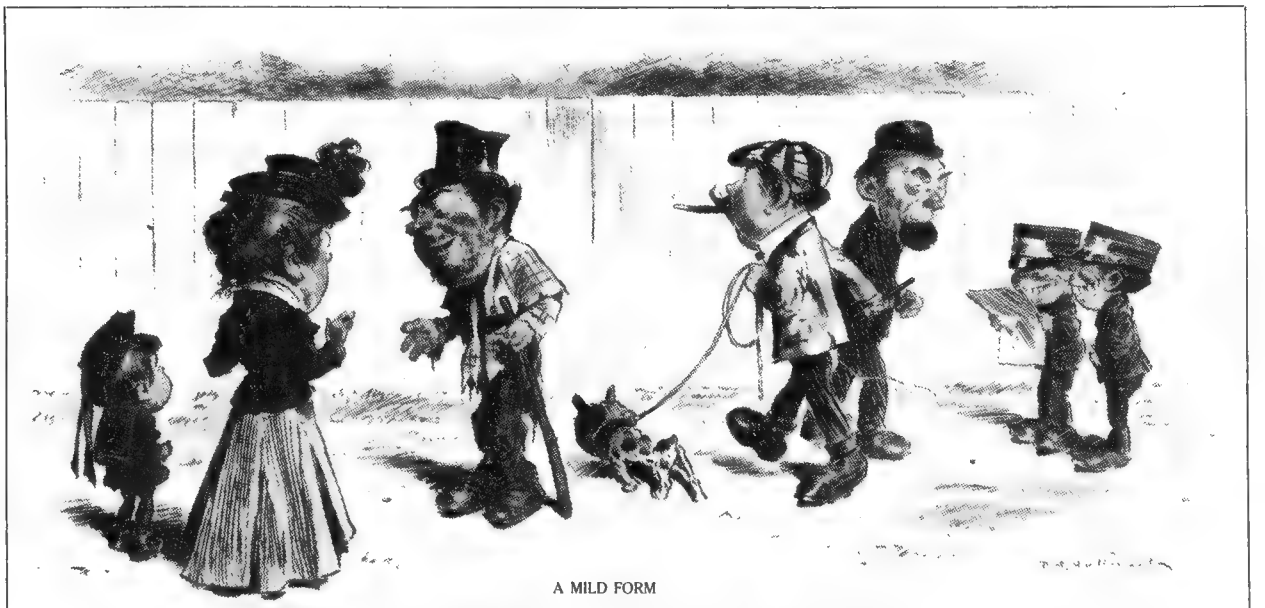
PAWS, CLAWS, AND JAWS—Decorative cartoons from Hearst Sunday funnies, 1904-1907.



SCHOOL





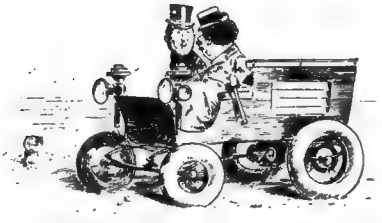


A MILD FORM

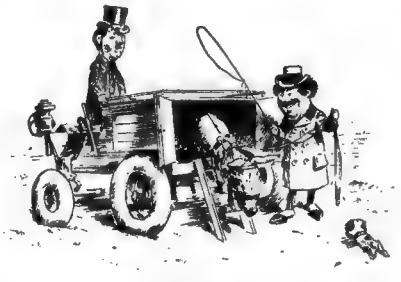
TRAMP— "Yes, lady, I know dat rum is de curse uv civilization; dat's why I only drink beer."
WOMAN: "Heavens and Earth! Goodness me! But beer's a curse too!"
TRAMP— "Yes, lady; but beer is only a mild form uv curse—sathin' like 'heavens and earth' an' 'goodness me'!"

The Stout Man: WE CAN'T PASS HERE!

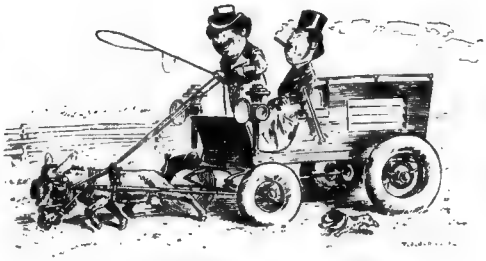
The Thin One: OH, YES WE CAN!



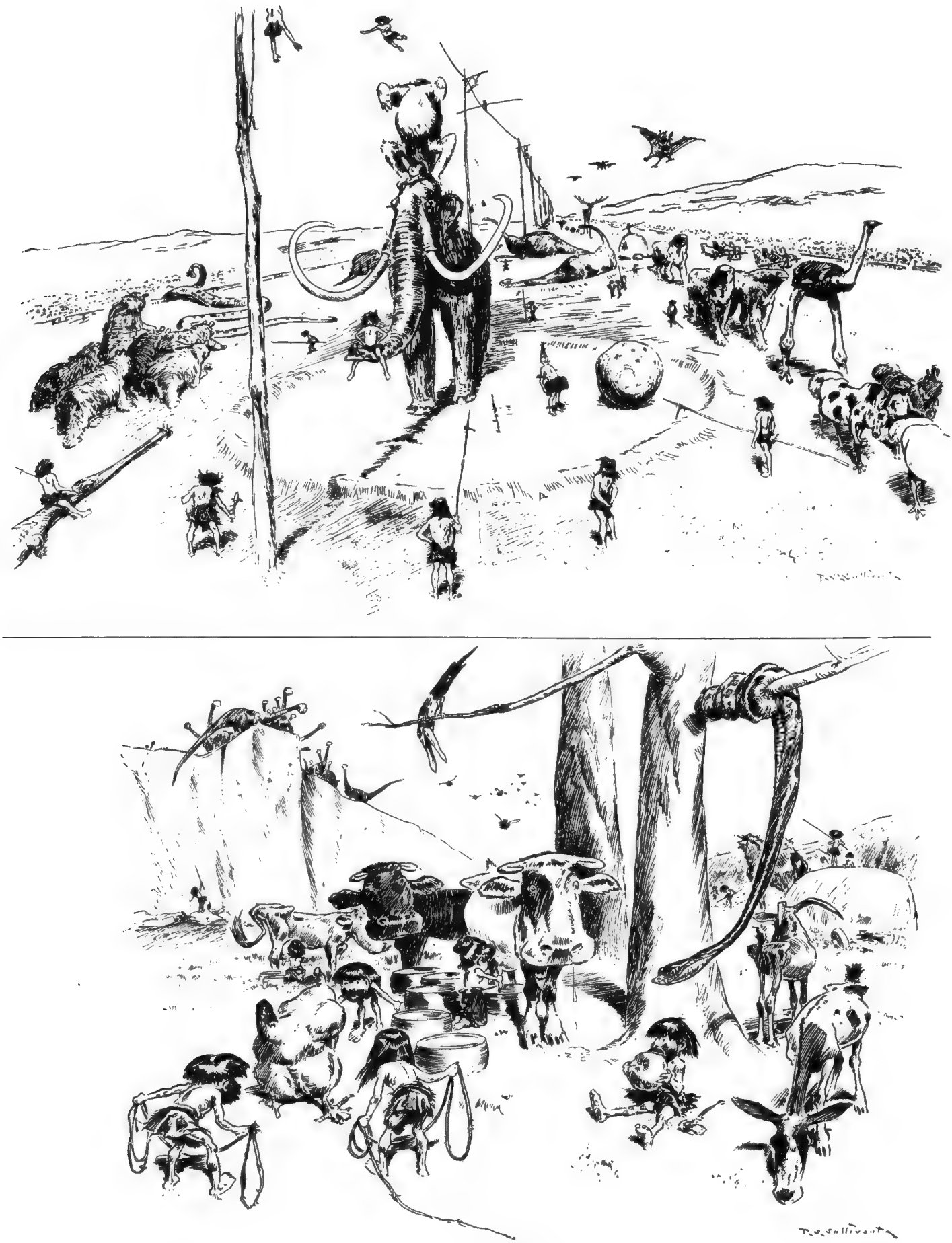
"IT'S RUN DOWN. I'LL GET OUT THE AUXILIARY MOTOR."



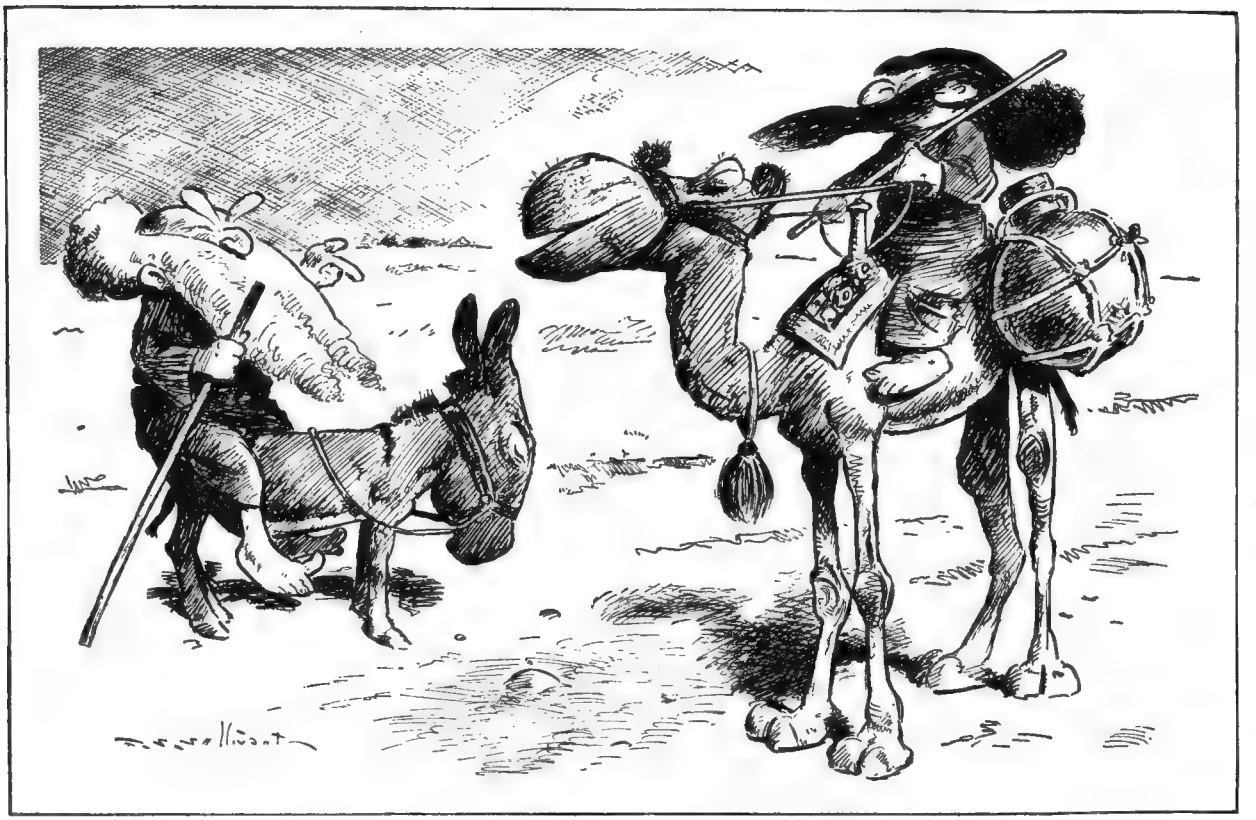
"COME ALONG, JENNY!"



"IT MAY BE SLOW, BUT WE'LL GET HOME."



ON A PREHISTORIC FARM.



Methuselah: WELL, WELL, SO YOU ARE ZACHARIAH, THE SON OF ELEAZER. YOUR GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT, GREAT GRANDMOTHER AND I USED TO BE SWEETHEARTS.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. JACKSON "Ye'r dog jest bit me!"
MR. JOHNSON "Shucks! I bought him fo' a rabbit dog, but I'm 'fraid he'll chase most any old thing!"

A GENEROUS OFFER.

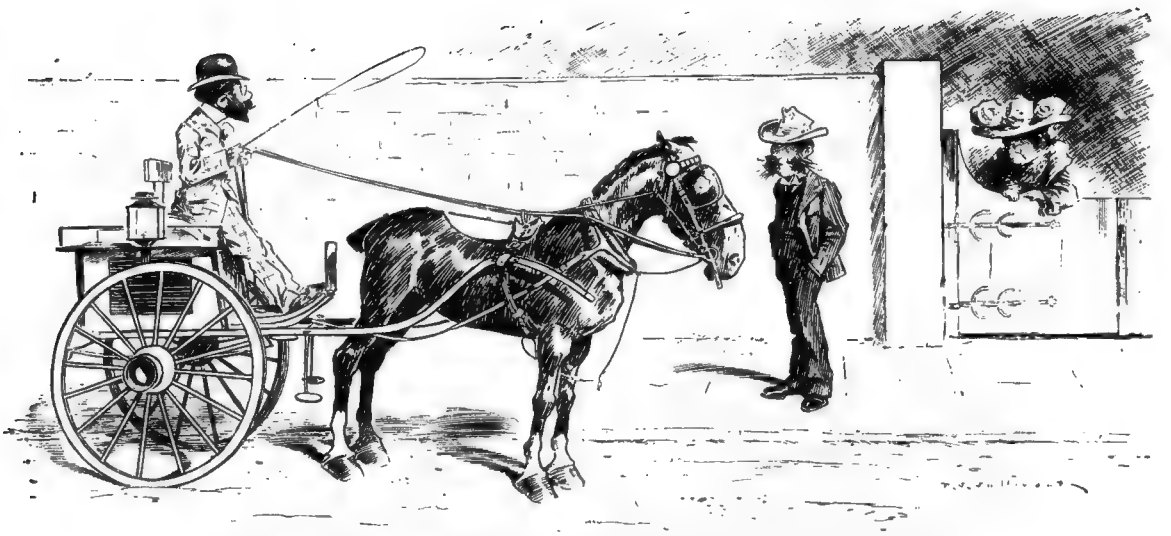
MRS. STRAITLACE—"Little boy, ain't you ashamed to be swimming in such a public place?"
LITTLE BOY—"Not a bit, ma'am. I'm a champeen at it. Come on in, an' if yer don't know how ter swim I'll let yer straddle me back till yer learn."

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

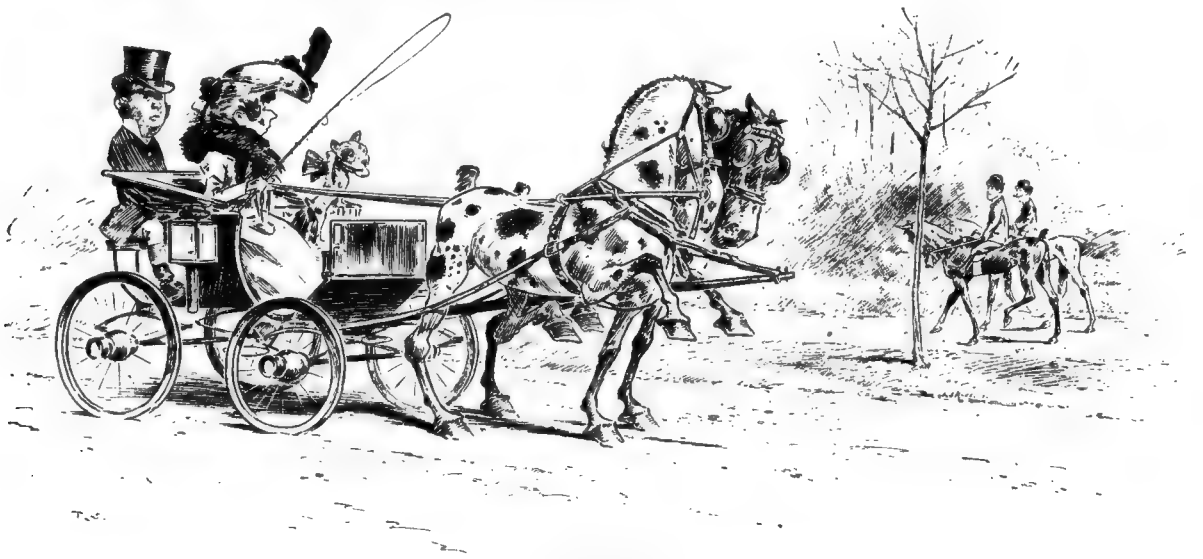
MR. MUSHLY—"Is your sister in, Bobby?"
BOBBY—"Just ring and ask the maid, please. She's paid for lying and I ain't."

HE BORE IT OUT.

Nodd (proudly): I TELL YOU, OLD MAN, YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THERE IS IN THAT BOY OF MINE.
"OH, YES, I HAVE! I HAVE SEEN HIM EAT!"

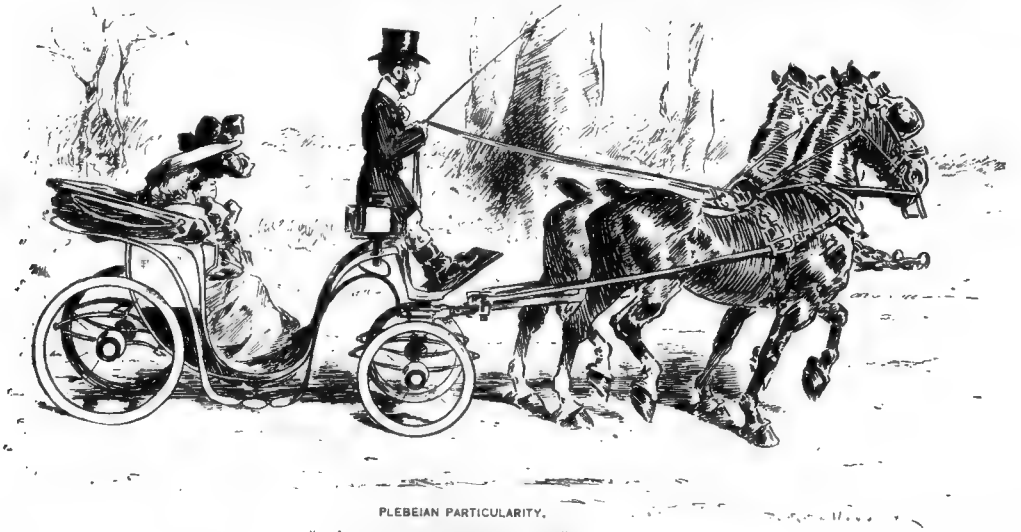


"OLD HAMMERSON SAYS THIS HORSE HE WANTS TO SELL ME IS SOUND, GENTLE AND KIND, AND WON'T KICK."
"I'D BE SUSPICIOUS OF HIM IF I WERE YOU, OLD MAN."
"WHY?"
"WELL, YOU KNOW I MARRIED HIS DAUGHTER."



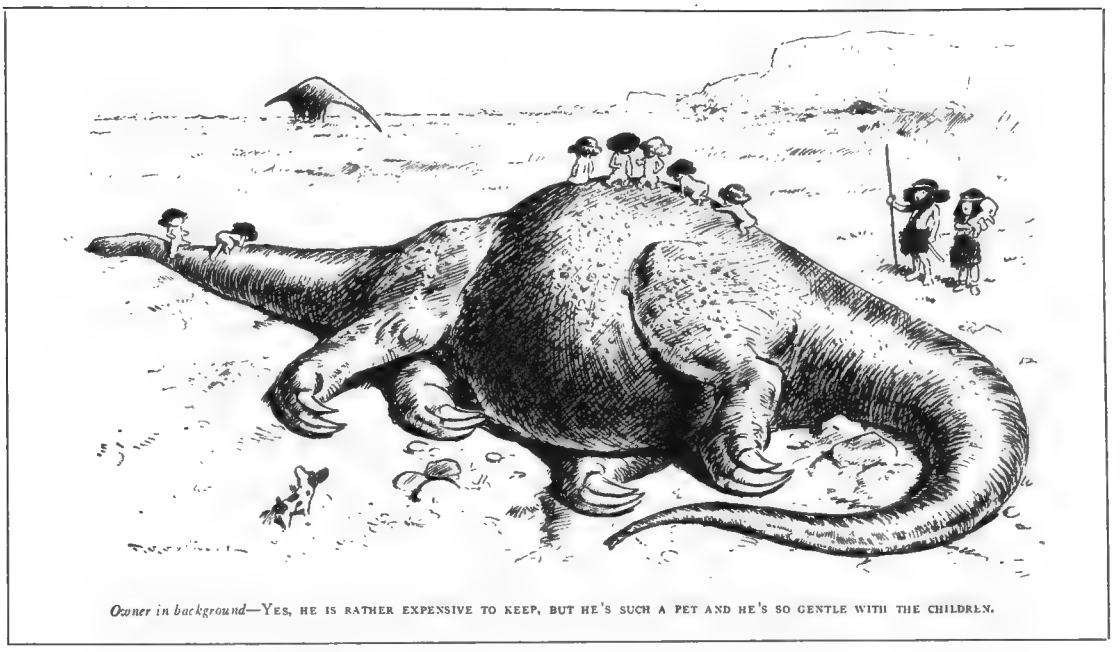
INEFFECTUAL BAIT.

Barley: I SEE JANE GARGOYLE HAS A NEW TRAP.
Snarley: WELL, SHE'LL HAVE TO BAIT IT WITH SOMETHING MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN HERSELF IF SHE EXPECTS TO CATCH A MAN.

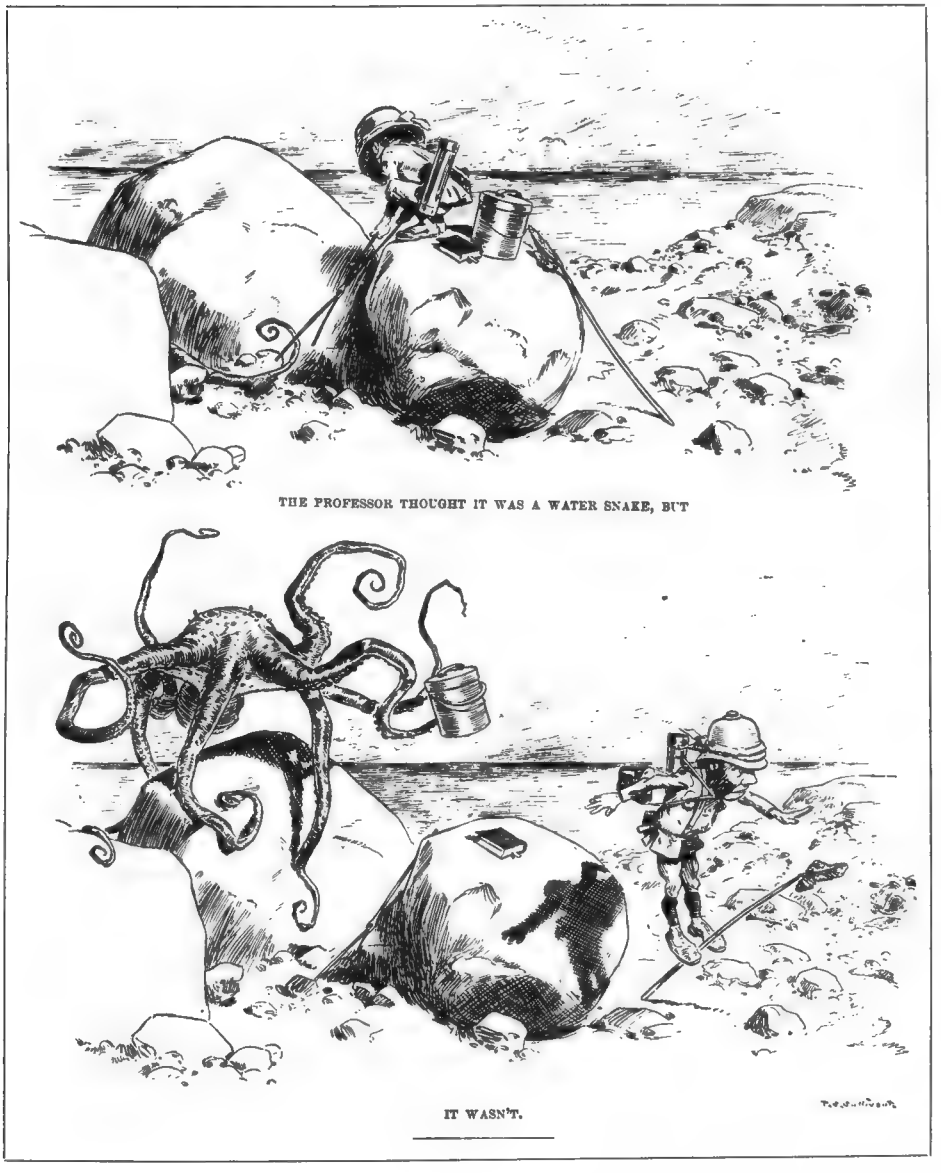


PLEBEIAN PARTICULARITY.

"WE'VE HAD TO DISMISS OUR COACHMAN."
"FOR WHAT REASON?"
"OH, HE GOT TOO AMBITIOUS. HE WANTED TO BE PAID REGULARLY."



Owner in background—YES, HE IS RATHER EXPENSIVE TO KEEP, BUT HE'S SUCH A PET AND HE'S SO GENTLE WITH THE CHILDREN.



THE PROFESSOR THOUGHT IT WAS A WATER SNAKE, BUT

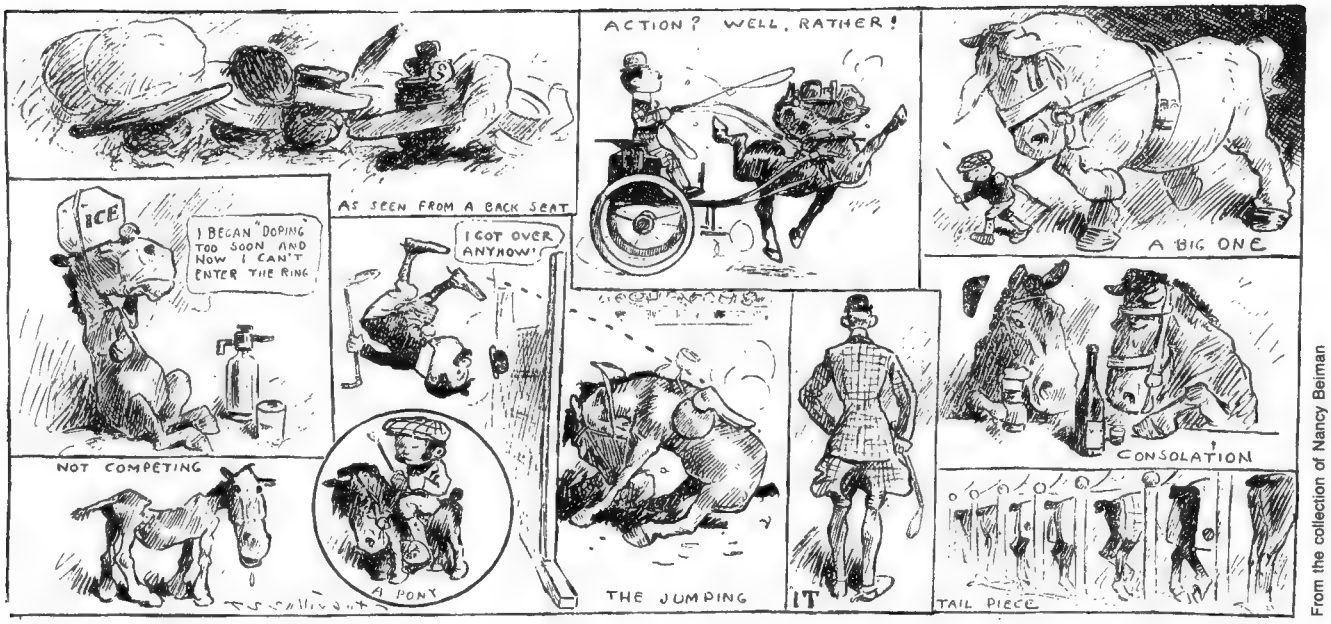
IT WASN'T.

ONE BENEFIT.

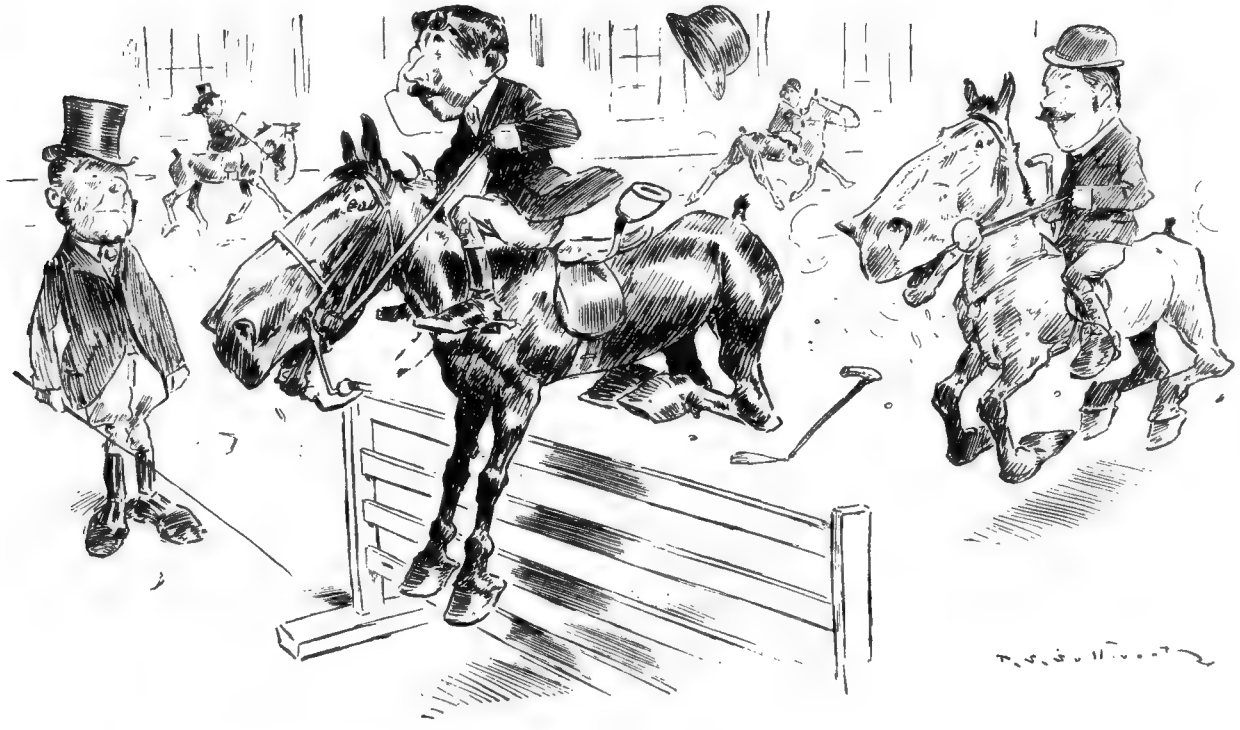
"Thar's one good thing about 'autos,' Silas."

"I hedn't noticed it."

"Well, thar is. Th' average hoss ain't a bit afraid o' harmless steam-kyars no more."

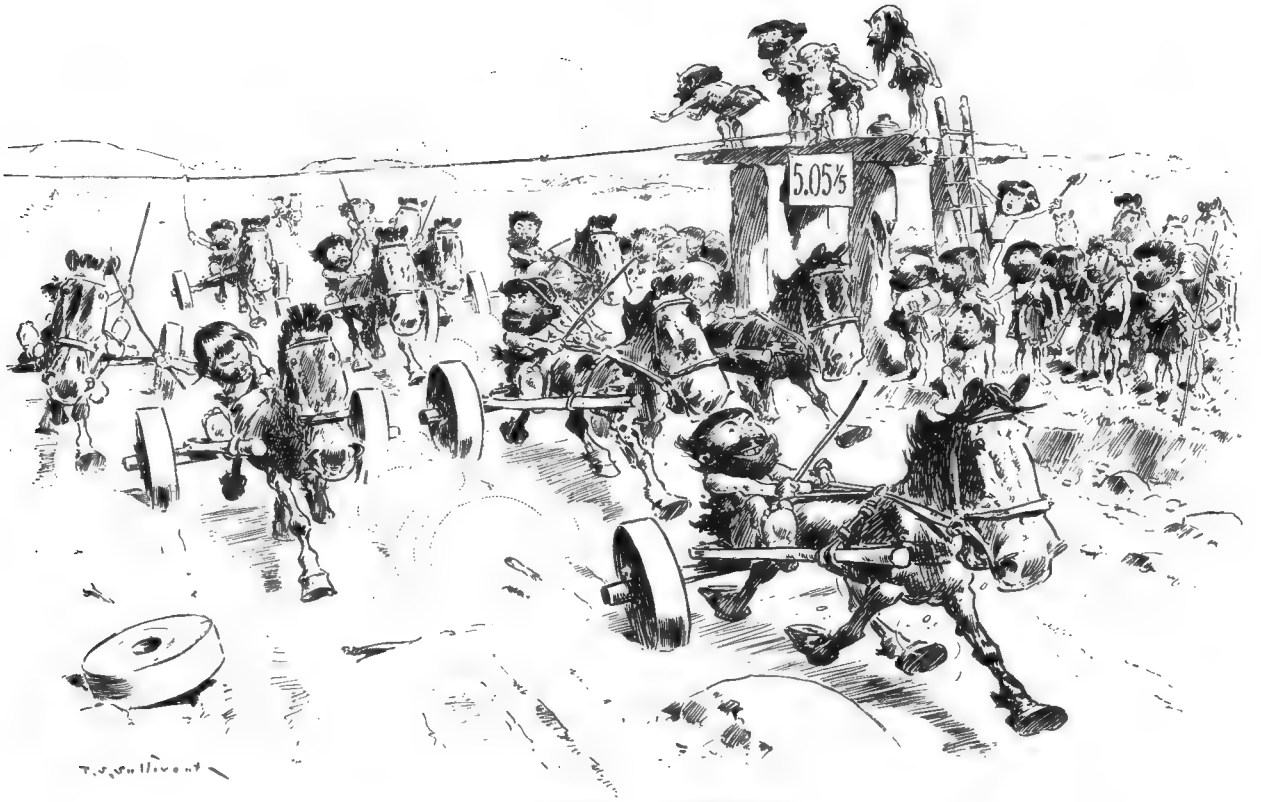


From the collection of Nancy Beiman



A SIMILARITY.

MR. NEWLYRICH (*taking riding lesson*)—"Well, sir, how do I ride?"
RIDING-MASTER—"Well, sir, you take a position on your 'awse's neck much like Sloan, Maher, and the Reiff boys."



ON THE "GRAND CIRCUIT" IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.

AFTER THE RACE.

FRIEND—"How cleverly your horse went through that 'pocket'!"
OWNER—"Yes. Fact is, she is named after my wife, you know."

UTTERLY SHOCKING.

BRONCO BOB—"Yes: the vigilants ketched Hurricane Bill an' lynched him jes' like an ordinary hoss-thief!"
GRIZZLY PETE—"Heavens! What a disgraceful end fer a feller wot's committed so many murders ez Bill hez!"

"WHY SHOULD SHE BUY SUCH A BEAST? SHE COULD SEE THE SPRING HALT, ANYWAY."
"YES, BUT I TOLD HER HE WAS YOUNG AND WOULD OUTGROW THAT."
"AND HOW OLD IS HE?"
"TWENTY-SIX."

A SHOCK.

CASEY—"Wasn't ye shocked and pained to hear av Clancy's sudden death?"
COSTIGAN—"Indade and Oi was! He owed me thirty-five cints."

"HE IS THE CHAMPION OF OUR AUTOMOBILE CLUB."

"YES!"

"YES, HE HAS KILLED MORE PEOPLE WITHOUT GETTING HIS NAME IN THE PAPERS THAN ANY OTHER MEMBER."

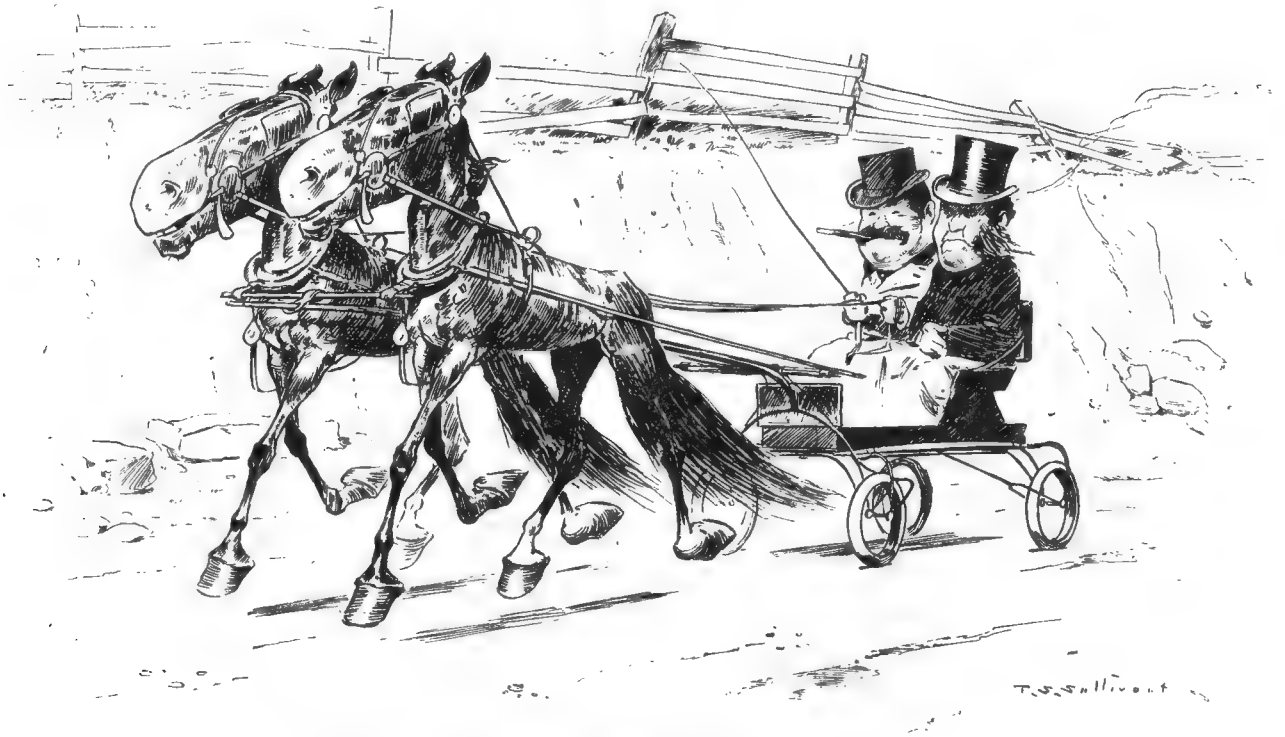
HIS PREFERENCE.

LADY—"Ain't you ashamed to be begging on the streets?"
BEGGAR—"Well, yes. I'd sooner do it in de pulpit or at a church-fair, but fate is agin me."

MANY SUCH.

MRS. JONES—"Men who look upon their wives as burdens are nothing but beasts."
MR. JONES—"Quite right, love; nothing but beasts of burden."

"BUBBLES ARE WELL ENOUGH, BUT I LIKE BETTER TO HAVE AN INTELLIGENT BEAST UNDER ME THAN TO TOOL ABOUT ON A PORTABLE STOVE!"
"'DRUTHER HAVE INTELLIGENT STOVE UNDER ME THAN FOUR LEGS SUBJECT TO BRAIN WITH TENDENCY TO EMOTIONAL INSANITY. TRIED IT ONCE. IN HOSPITAL SIX WEEKS. GIMME WHEELS. I'VE NO USE FOR LEGS."

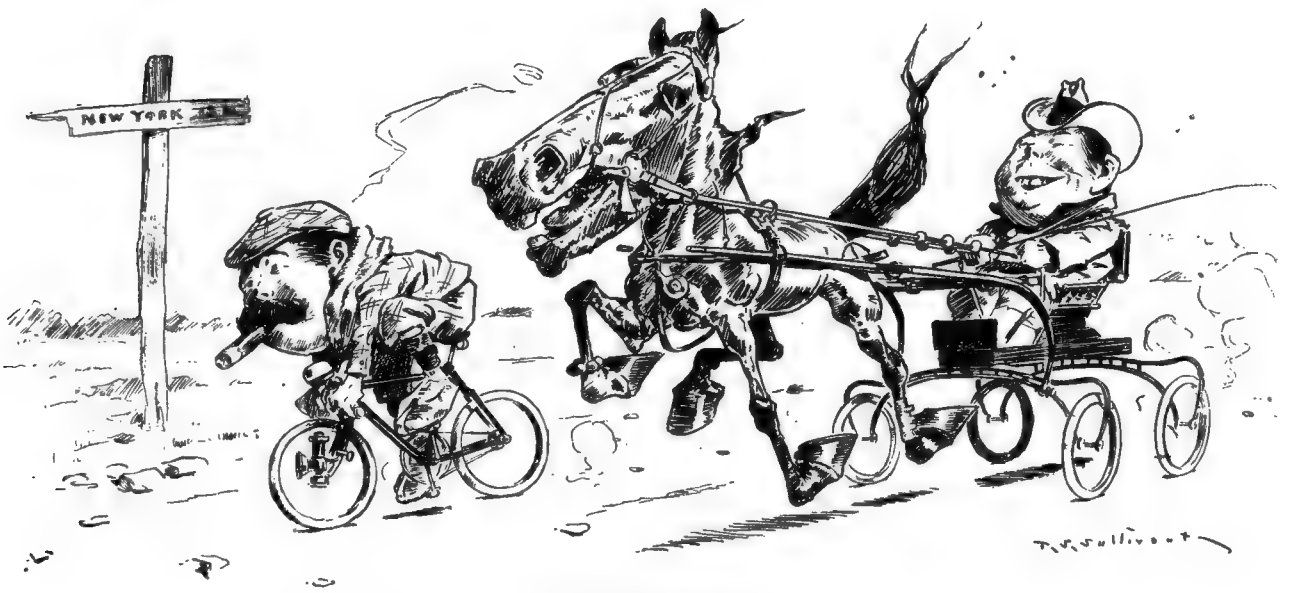


CLEANED OUT.

JONES—"They say kerosene-oil is a great cleanser."
SMITH—"Yes. Many an investor has been cleaned out in kerosene-oil."

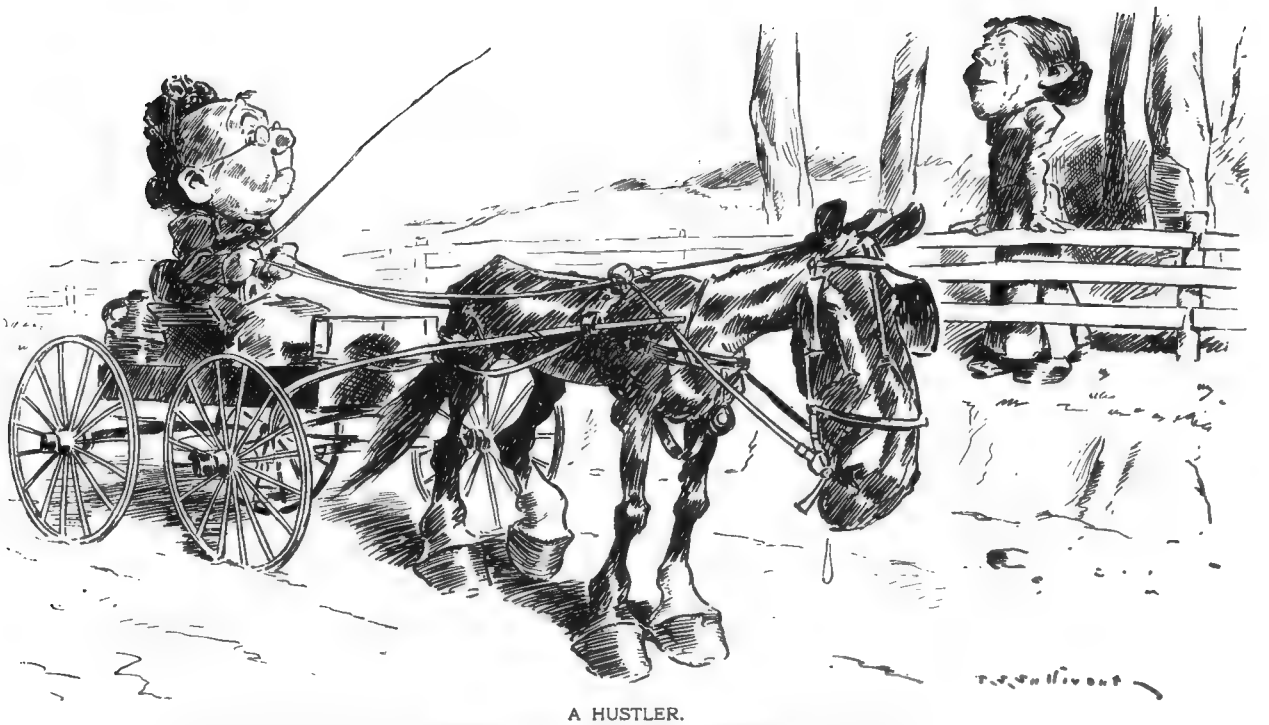
TRUE ENOUGH.

ALGY (*on the spotted horse*)—"Do you think riding is such good exercise?"
JONES—"Depends on how you ride. *You* ought to get plenty of it."



A FORTUNATE FACT.

HEWITT—"It was sad about our friend who died in New Jersey."
JEWETT—"Oh, well, we all have to die."
HEWITT—"But we don't all have to die in New Jersey."



A HUSTLER.

Mrs. Whiffletree—"So Josh Medder's niece hez married young Snakeroot? How long wuz he courtin' her?"
Mrs. Oatbin—"Only two years."
Mrs. Whiffletree—"Dew tell! I never knew no good come o' marryin' them *forward* fellers."

WILLING TO OBLIGE.

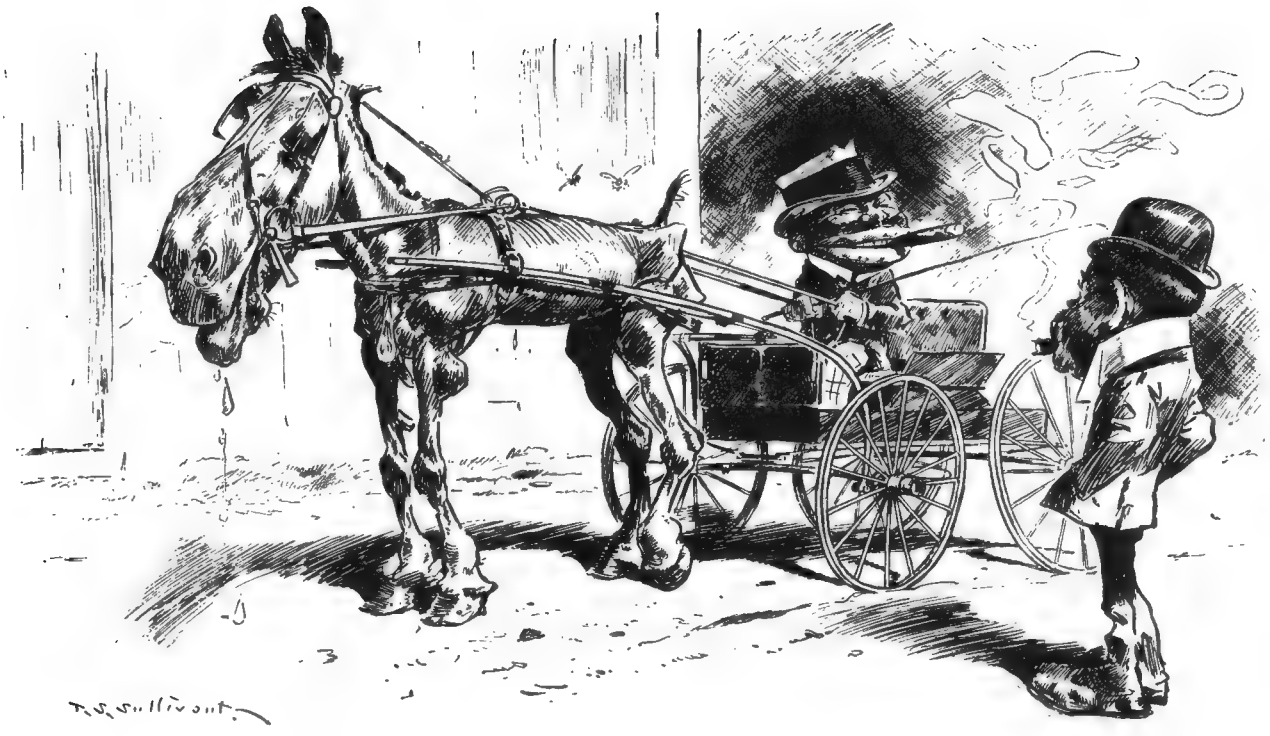
Woman—"Why do you put chalk in your milk?"
Milkman—"Well, mum, so many of our customers asks us to 'chalk it up.'"

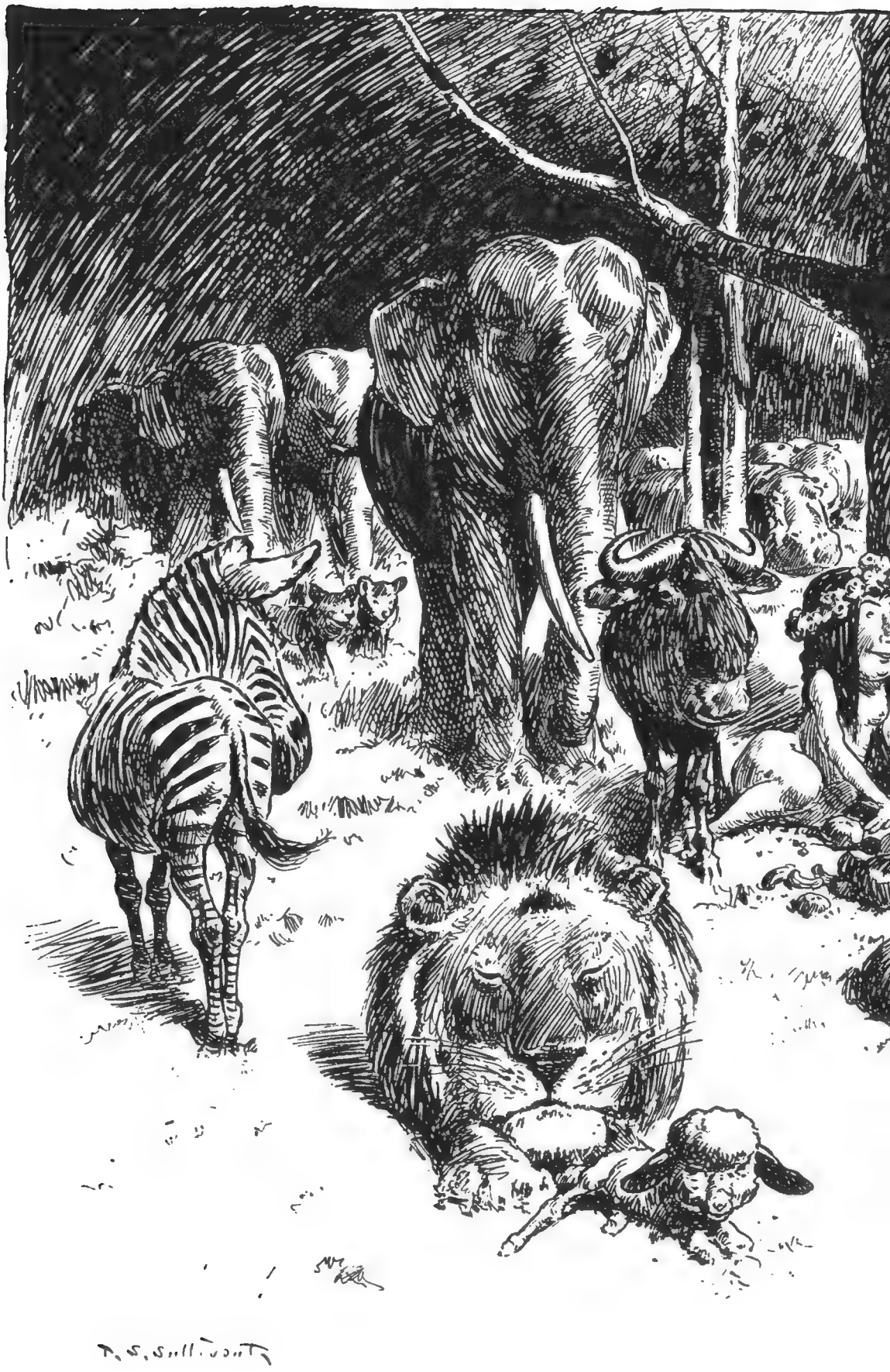
AN UNFAILING SIGN.

SMITH—"Jones must be going to die."
BROWN—"He's looking well."
SMITH—"Yes; but he's allowed his life insurance to lapse."

ALL THAT WAS NEEDED.

CASSIDY—"Wudn't yez loike t' live on a farrm, Pat?"
CASEY—"Oh, ut's th' only way t' live! Ef they only hod ilivated roads, cable-carrs, plinty av saloons, concert-halls, tinimint-houses, dirt, noise and polacemin on a farrm Oi'd move onto a farrm to-morrow."





WHEN T

HE SNAKE WAS GOOD.

WAY UP.

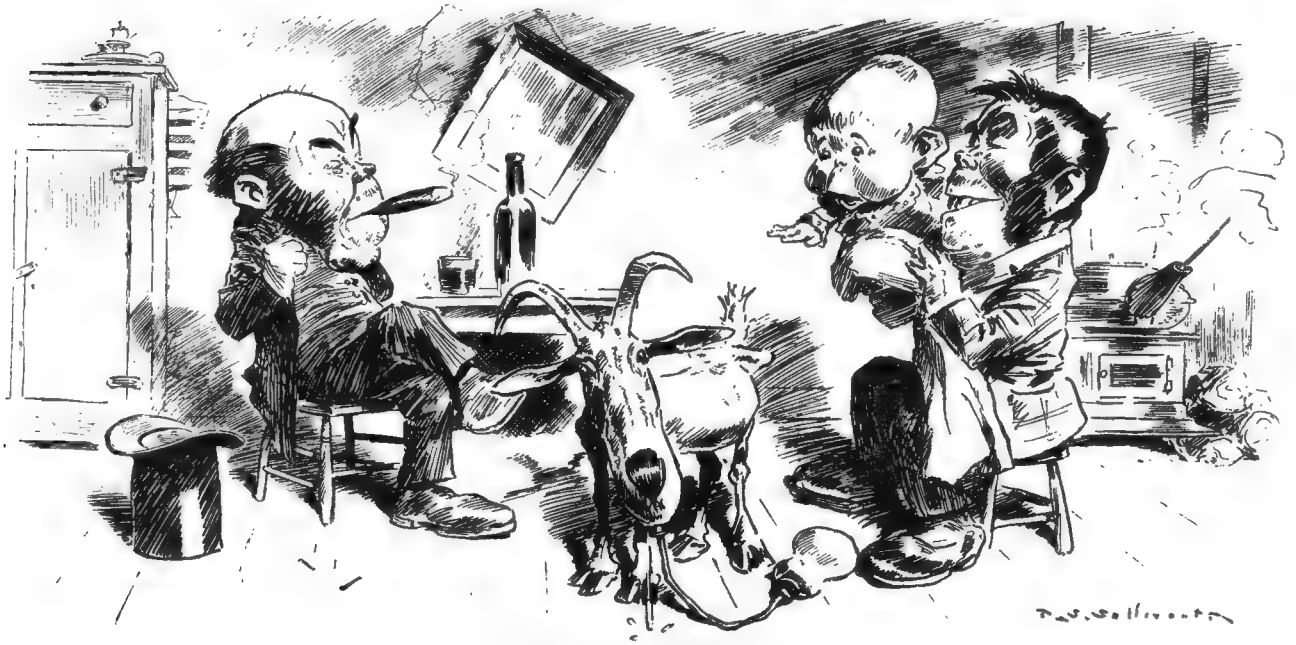
MRS. GROGAN—"Mrs. Casey says her son Moike is way up in the polace departmint."
MRS. FLYNN—"He is thot. His picther is on th' top row av th' rogues' gallery."

HOW HE LOOKED AT IT.

CASSIDY—"Casey's woife hoz just prisintid him with another choild—the seventeenth."
COSTIGAN—"Poor Casey must look upon it as a thragedy."
CASSIDY—"No, he says it seems to him more like a 'continuous performance'."

"WHO HAS THE RIGHT OF WAY HERE?" SAYS THE HOG.

"I'LL TOSS YOU FOR IT," SAYS THE GOAT.

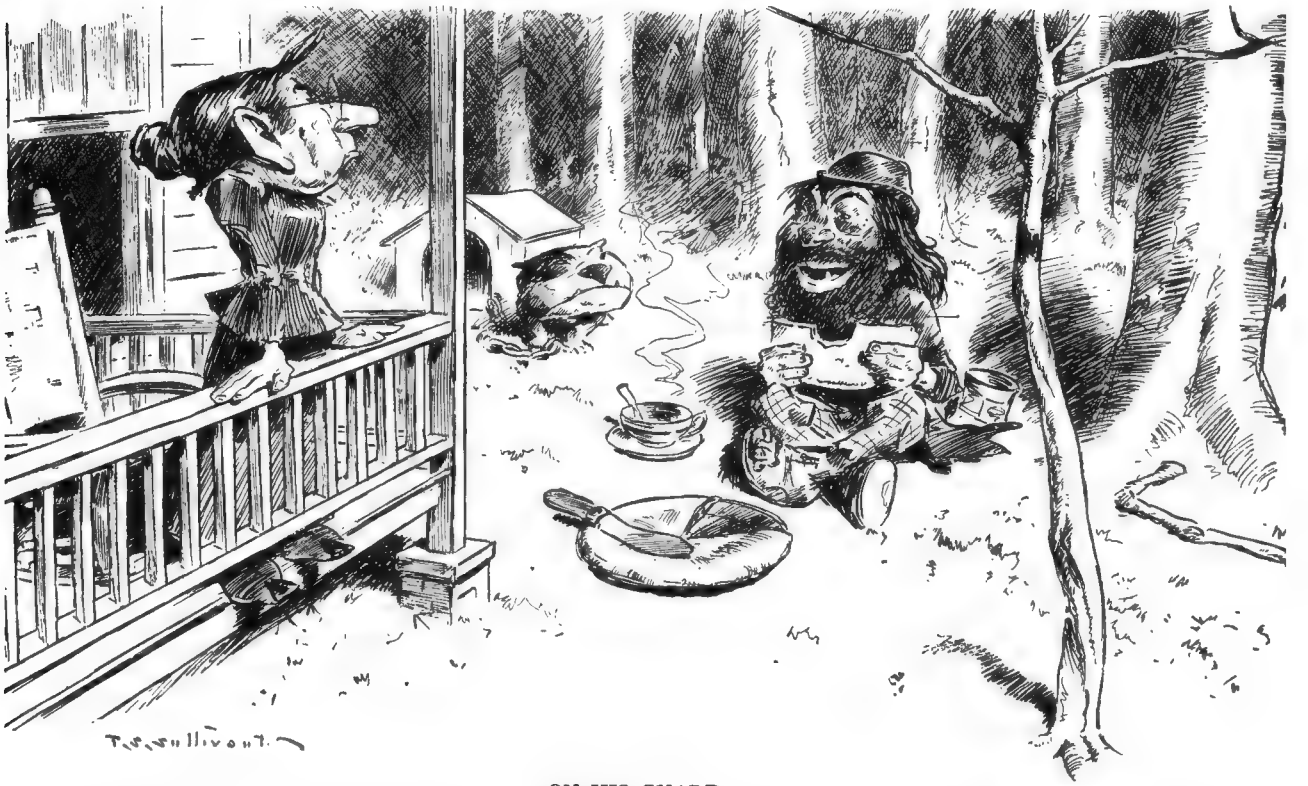


WHY HE NEVER CALLED AGAIN.

CASSIDY (*proudly*)—"Come, now: did yez iver see such a baby as *thot* before?"
CASEY—"Shure, an' Oi can't remimber, Cassidy. Oi hovn't bin to a doime-museum or a soide-show fer twinty years."

A DISSIPATED IDEA.

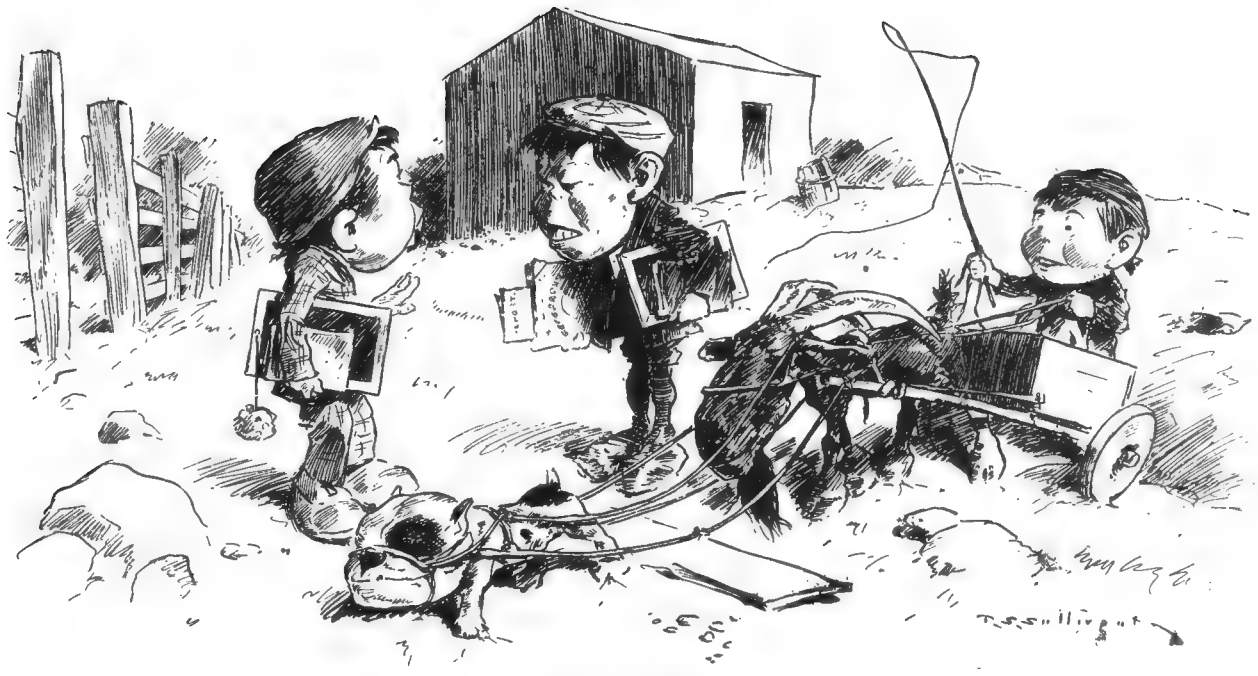
MRS. HANDOUT—"You look like a dissipated man."
TRAMP—"I am, mum."
MRS. HANDOUT—"Were you ever married?"
TRAMP—"Uv course, mum. Dat wuz w'ot dissipated de idea I once had dat I wuz a man."



ON HIS GUARD.

MRS. HANDOUT—"If you would wash your face, comb your hair, trim your beard, and mend your clothes you would readily secure employment."

STAGGERING BLOW—"Y-yes, lady. I've been aware uv dat fact fer jest twenty-seven years! But I'm jest ez much obliged fer de warning."



JUST INDIGNATION.

FIRST SCHOOLBOY (*sighing*)—"Carnegie 's jest given ten millions more fer education."
SECOND SCHOOLBOY (*desperately*)—"Well, say! I'd give ten marbles ter have dat feller here fer jest ten minnits."

EZRY (over the paper): I see that Cy Henders killed a pig last week.
MARTHY: Huh! Them Henderses is always gittin' their names in the s'ciety column.

"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

Next Issue!

The Cartoons of Norman Rockwell!

What constitutes a cartoon? Is it the media used or the content and form of the image? Editor Rick Marschall discusses the question in the context of Norman Rockwell's early magazine work. The legendary American artist executed cartoons in oils—humorous, sentimental, patriotic, always captioned or titled as cartoons—for *Judge* and *Life*, the premier cartoon magazines of their day. See some surprising images, many never before reproduced since their original appearances in the teens and 1920s!

The Haunting Beauty of White Boy—In the 1930s cartoonist Garrett Price drew a celebrated but short-lived Sunday page of quiet majesty and mystical adventure—*White Boy*, the saga of a white child raised by Indians. Mike Barson introduces a full episode of this neglected masterpiece.

William Faulkner, Cartoonist—M. Thomas Inge offers an examination of an interesting two-sided coin in American letters. William Faulkner began his career displaying a talent for cartooning (several of which will be reproduced in this article) and later used American comic strips as inspirations and reference-points in his classic fiction. Fascinating reading!

Starting From Scratch—Before photo-engraving and after wood-cutting, American newspapers used the primitive method of chalk-plate engraving to offer illustrations. This forgotten craft is explained by an ancient practitioner, Thomas Shonkweiler.

More! **100 Years Ago**—This year's biggest political problem is the incredible Federal deficit, but exactly a century ago it was a huge Federal budget surplus! *NEMO* 27 reprints a classic cartoon that summarizes—and contrasts—the bizarre change of events. **Also!** A return to the thrilling days of yesteryear with Sam and his Strip, by Walker and Dumas; the Lone Arrangers. And: The weirdest newspaper cartoon series ever published!

All in NEMO 27. . .Guaranteed to Build Strong Bodies 12 Ways!

Silents, Please!

The Unspeakable Greatness of Carl Anderson's Henry

By Jay Rath

Cartoonist Carl Anderson at the drawing board, with a toy model of Henry looking on. Circa 1939.

Henry would never say it himself, but his may be the greatest comic strip of all time. For that matter, Henry would never say anything, but therein lies his greatness.

Historians of comic art have largely been as silent on the subject of pantomime strips as the strips' characters themselves. Perhaps there is a bias against serious study of pantomime strips because, in recent years, the strips have been perceived by syndicates as entry-level strips; that is, they are designed for the youngest readers. The first strip a child can appreciate might be *Henry*. From there the child graduates to *Nancy* and *U.S. Acres*, and finally to adult-oriented strips such as *Doonesbury*.

From a scholarly standpoint, however, pantomime strips are worth serious attention in that they may represent the highest level of artistic achievement within the medium.

To appreciate the importance of a strip such as Carl Anderson's *Henry*, it is necessary to consider what, if anything, makes the comic strip an art form. What are the conventions of the medium? Obviously, it is a two-dimensional medium, similar to painting and drawing. But it is also a narrative form, similar to literature, dramatic radio, and motion pictures.

The comparison is apt. Perhaps more than any other medium, the comic strip resembles the silent motion picture. Audiences of both must take sight for sound. Speech is confined to balloons or title-cards, and must be incorporated into the action through the audience's imagination. Visual cues also supply sound effects. Audiences of both must perceive that a third dimension is represented (except in the case of 3-D movies and comics, where the third dimension is supplied by technical means).

Fans of silent films argue that the additional restrictions of the medium, especially the lack of sound, raise the form above conventional motion pictures. As Mary Pickford told *Photoplay* magazine in May, 1927, "It would have been more logical if silent pictures had grown out of the talkie instead of the other way around. The value of silence in art is its stimulation to the imagination, and the imaginative quality is art's highest appeal."

Similarly, the pantomime strip may well be considered the highest form of comic art. If so, then *Henry*, the bald-headed Puck created by Carl Anderson, represents the medium's greatest success.

Not that Henry was entirely silent. As in silent films, Anderson often provided dialogue between minor characters, or convenient labels and signs, whenever these expediences helped him tell the story.

Henry himself spoke in the 1935 Fleischer film based on the comic strip, and in the Dell Comics Club pens on the back of one issue. "Here it is," he bawled, a speech balloon emanating from Henry's mouthless face.

Henry's creator, Carl Anderson, was born in Madison, Wis., on Feb. 14, 1865. He was the son of Andrew and Johanna Anderson, Norwegian immigrants. The family was large; Andrew eventually had seven children, of which Carl was one of the middle children.

The family moved often, first to Janesville, Wis., and then to Beatrice, Neb., where 10-year-old Carl became a carpenter's apprentice. Three years later the family moved to Des Moines. Carl dropped out of school when he was 15, and worked in his father's planing mill. He soon moved away from home and traveled around the country, first to Omaha, then to San Francisco and to Seattle. He stayed in Seattle until 1889, leaving after fire swept through the city.

In his travels Anderson worked in various planing mills, honing his talents as a cabinet maker. For the rest of his life, he would prac-

tice wood-working as a hobby. By 25 he had patented a folding desk, and his future as a craftsman seemed assured. But just as he was patenting his new invention, Anderson found a new love: cartooning. He saw a correspondence course pamphlet on the subject and decided to move to Philadelphia to enroll in the Pennsylvania Museum School of Industrial Art, (now Philadelphia College of Art) to receive instruction in illustration.

In 1894 Anderson went to work at the Philadelphia *Times*, at $12 a week, as a fashion illustrator. From there he went to the Pittsburgh *Comet* to work as an art director, but the *Comet* folded a few months later and Anderson was thrown out of work. He tried his hand at freelancing, contributing cartoons to *Judge, Life, Collier's,* and *The Saturday Evening Post.* In the late 1890s, Anderson moved to New York, where he stayed with his older brother Isaac (who later became a book-reviewer for the New York *Times*).

Anderson joined the staff of the New York *Herald.* From there he went to William Randolph Hearst's New York *Journal,* where he drew *Raffles and Bunny.* Arthur Brisbane spotted Anderson there and hired him to draw a Sunday page, *The Filipino and the Chick,* for Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World.* Accounts of this period of Anderson's life differ, and Anderson himself admitted that he "went back and forth so many times that I can't remember how many." Simply put, Anderson was a part of the staff-raids of the period's Yellow Journalism.

In 1903 Anderson began drawing *Herr Spiegelberger* for the McClure Syndicate.

"*Spiegelberger* went pretty good for a while," says Don Trachte, who later served as Anderson's assistant on *Henry.* "I remember he said that that [strip] was the first thing that would have put him over internationally." The strip relied on dialect humor, which was popular at the time. But while more established strips escaped criticism, *Spiegelberger* could not.

"He said there were complaints," Trachte recalled. "People in Milwaukee objected to it. There were so many German people in Milwaukee. Of course, in those days syndication was in its infancy. Editors were sensitive to anything like that, as they are today."

The strip folded. Anderson tried more strips, among them *Main Street* for the New York *Daily News.* Then that paper folded, and Anderson was once again forced to freelance.

In 1932, hurt by the Depression, Anderson moved back to Madison, where his father and his second wife had moved; Anderson lived with three sisters and took care of his ailing father. He continued to freelance and began teaching a course on cartooning at the Madison Vocational School (today the Madison Area Technical College). Anderson had decided to go back to cabinet-making, and wanted to draw cartoons as a sideline.

But in a setting worthy of the hoariest Hollywood rages-to-riches musical, Anderson created *Henry,* the comic strip that was eventually to win him more than 40 million daily readers.

One night, in the spring of 1932, Anderson's students at the Madison Vocational School crowded around a classroom drawing board and watched as the cartoonist drew a sway-backed, pot-bellied horse. Two boys stood beneath the horse, one holding the other against the horse's stomach, to warm his bald head. The caption: "Does your head feel warmer now, Henry?"

Anderson sent the cartoon to *The Saturday Evening Post.* They bought it for $50. More *Henry* panels followed, and the cartoon became a regular feature of the magazine. It grew so popular that *Henry* dolls were manufactured. The feature drew the attention of the German *Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung,* which asked to reprint *Henry.* Permission was granted, and William Randolph Hearst, traveling in Germany in 1934, spotted it there. He wired his syndicate chief, Joseph V. Connolly, to sign Anderson. Connolly was in Chicago at the time, and he made the trip to Madison and met with Anderson for only a half-hour, between trains. The 70-year-old cartoonist finally signed with the big time—King Features Syndicate. The first daily strip appeared on Dec. 17, 1934.

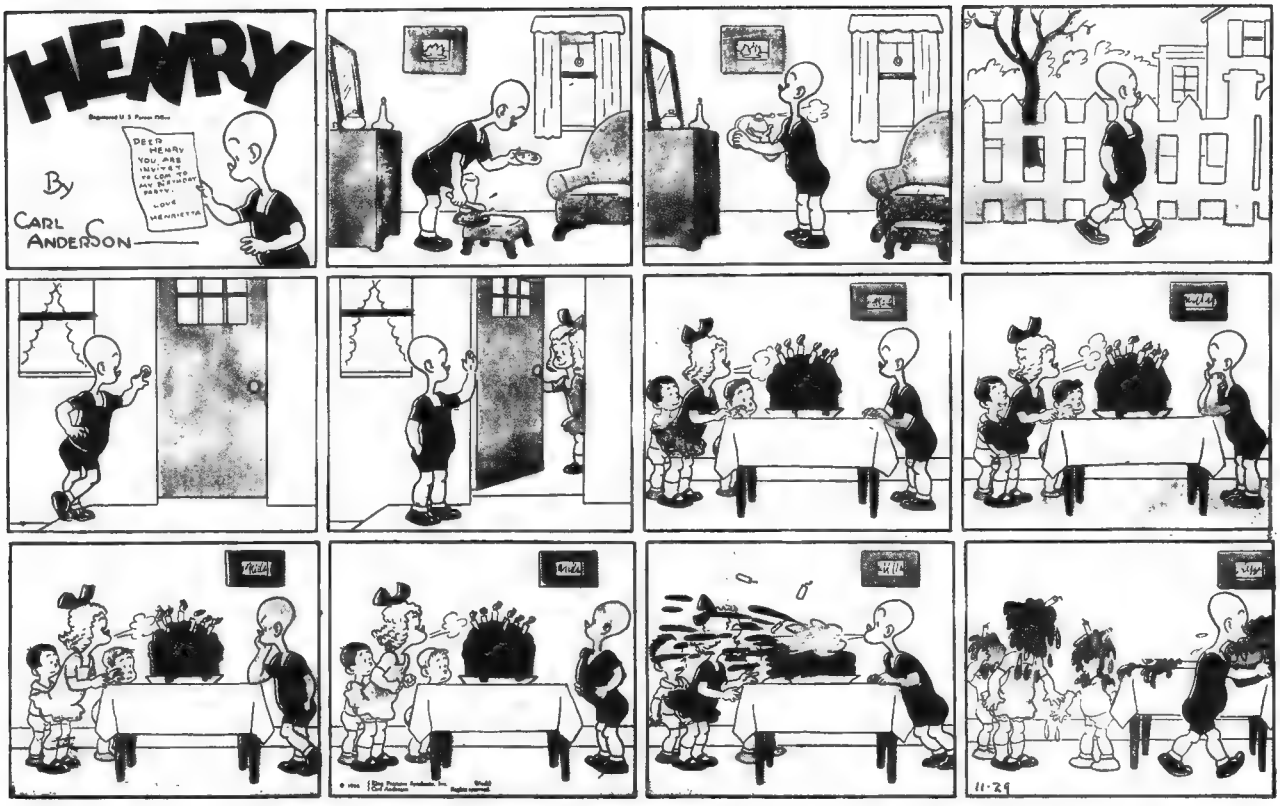
Anderson had no illusions about his age. To produce a daily strip again he needed help, so he hired one of his students, Don Trachte, to help with the strip.

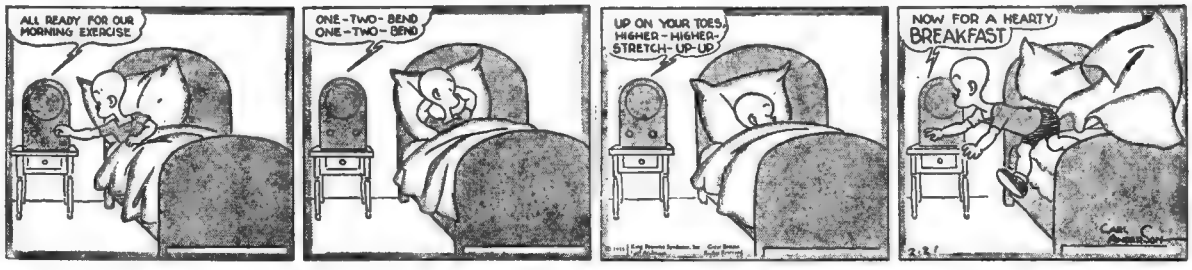
One month after the first strip appeared, *Henry* was selected by *Pictorial Review* as the 12th most popular comic strip in the country, tied with *Gasoline Alley* in the magazine's survey. By early February nine publishers were asking Anderson for reprint rights to his *Saturday Evening Post* panels. The success of the strip, Trachte feels, probably had a lot to do with the mood of the country during the Depression.

"I think the pantomime strips have a resur-

HEAR, HEAR—Included in the Henry portfolio are some of his earliest gags, strips, and pages. . . including an example before he found silence.

All artwork from the collection of Rick Marschall





HENRY TODAY

By Dick Hodgins Jr., artist of the *Henry* daily strip

Initially, the pantomime of *Henry* filled me with considerable dread, but after I had leaped into the script feet first I learned that doing pantomime had its plus side. Not having those balloons in the way certainly opens up the space and makes the strip a bigger playground that I can have more fun in.

I've studied Carl Anderson's work as well as that of my other predecessors and feel it is my primary obligation to keep the integrity of the Henry character. Once having done that I feel I am entitled to some latitude in others areas such as design, subsidiary characters, and dealing with the realities of doing a strip in today's marketplace.

gence every so many decades," Trachte says. "The idea [behind *Henry*] was it was fantasy, to get people's minds off the Depression, I think. Carl Anderson often said that, for some freak reason, in the worst economic times he'd have his best luck. He'd been through a lot of economic cycles."

Henry as a character may have been different in presentation, but the bald boy's appearance was uncomfortably similar to the Yellow Kid.

"That's accidental," says Trachte. "Carl Anderson was very sensitive about it, because so many people remembered the Yellow Kid. I think, because Carl Anderson was a friend of most of those old-timers at the turn of the century that he was absorbing things around him . . . just as Charles Schulz did with *Peanuts* and Charlie Brown," another famous bald character.

Readers were fascinated by the strip. They ignored the fantastic elements of the strip and tried to nail down the vague nature of the boy. To his fans, Anderson replied that Henry was a platinum blond whose hair had been shaved off. He was not a mute; he simply chose not to speak.

Eventually, *Henry* appeared in more than 360 papers around the world, and at the time of Anderson's death the strip earned his estate $1,500 a week. He even appeared on a postage stamp in Turkey. With success like that, it may not be surprising to learn that *Henry* even made waves in political circles.

At home, he sparked a debate between General Douglas McArthur and the governor of North Carolina.

The general held that the device Henry played with in one strip was a slingshot. The governor maintained that it was a bean shooter. How the argument started is unknown, but its resolution has been recorded. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was called upon to settle the matter. With the same tenacity with which he promoted New Deal legislation, FDR wrestled with the slingshot issue.

"Of course, different parts of the country have their own different names for deadly weapons, as well as for other things," Roosevelt wrote. "But around my neck of the woods, in upstate New York, we used to call the forked stick with elastic bands a slingshot. We had a variation of it which was a shingle stick, and the missile was held in a round piece of leather on the end of an elastic. We used to call a bean shooter a long tube fashioned in imitation of the Indians' device."

The debate was anything but serious, but it goes to show that the strip was more than a strip for small children—it was followed by adults, as well.

John J. Liney was a cartoonist at the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* at this time. He began selling gags to Anderson, and by 1936 was contributing a dozen *Henry* ideas a week for $50, regardless of how many of the ideas Anderson and Trachte used. Anderson and Liney first met in 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Anderson immediately returned to Madison to find that Trachte was anxious to enlist. Liney, 10 years older than Trachte, stepped in to fill the breech and helped Anderson with the strip during the war. When Trachte returned he took over the Sunday page, while Liney continued to draw the dailies and the *Henry* comic books.

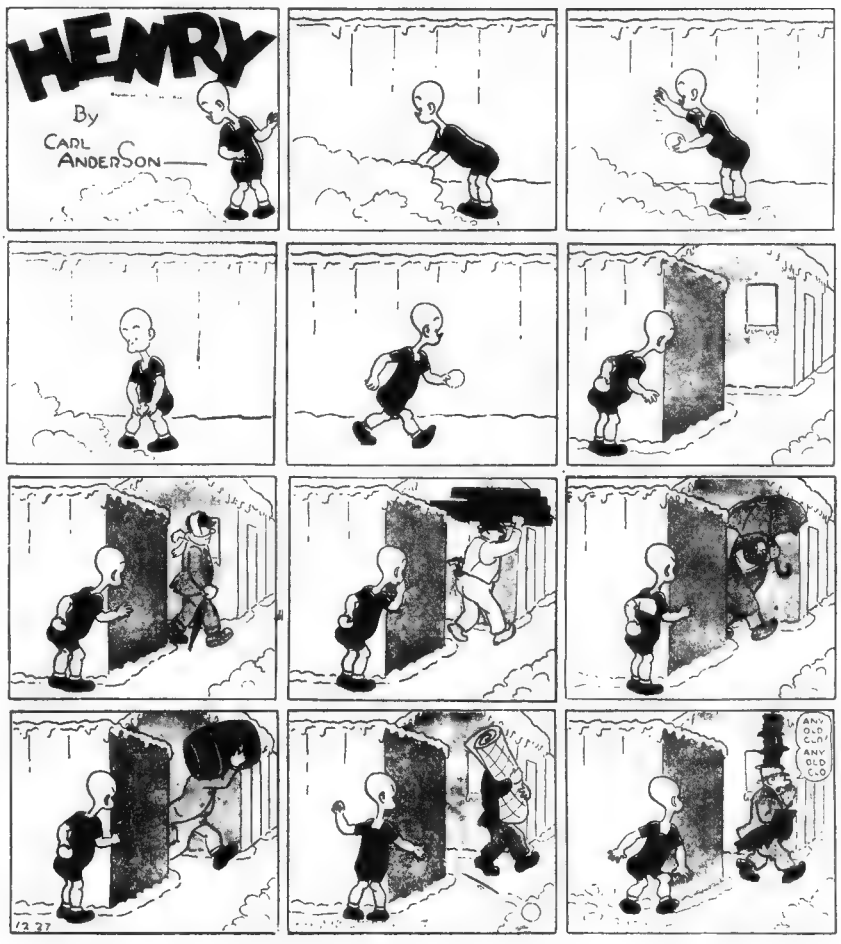
During the war Anderson relied heavily on Liney's talents. By 1942 the aging cartoonist's arthritis had grown so bad that he did no drawing at all on *Henry*. In 1947 he moved out of the family home and into a nearby hotel, where he lived until his death at noon on Nov. 4, 1948.

Anderson had never married and had no children . . . other than Henry; when the boy's father made appearances in the strip, he looked suspiciously like Anderson.

In recent years *Henry* has been drawn by a number of cartoonists, including Jack Tippit and Dick Hodgins, Jr., who have tried to hew closely to the lines of Anderson's original. Tippit, in fact, went so far as to trace Liney's strips with the aid of a light-box. Don Trachte continues to draw the Sunday page.

Henry is still a unique strip, especially with the demise of other pantomime strips such as Oscar Jacobsson's *Silent Sam*, Otto Soglow's *The Little King*, and Irving Phillip's *The Strange World of Mr. Mum*. But *Henry* does not stand so far apart from the competition as in the days of the adventure-continuity strips. But Don Trachte remains confident.

"Humor goes in trends, you know," he says. "It's faddish, just like everything else."



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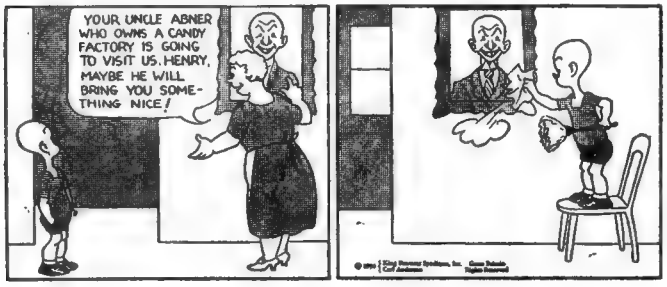

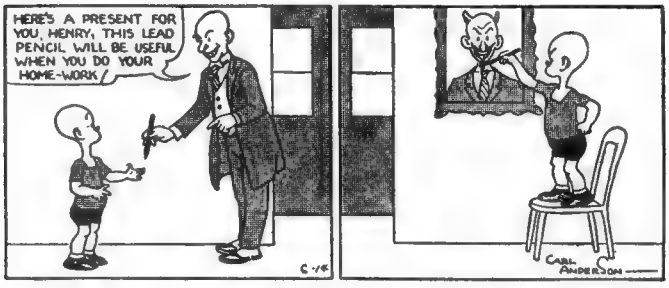

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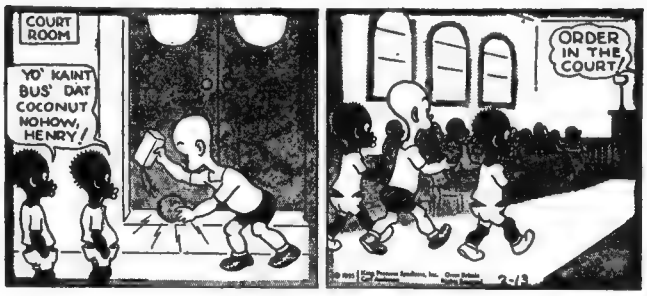

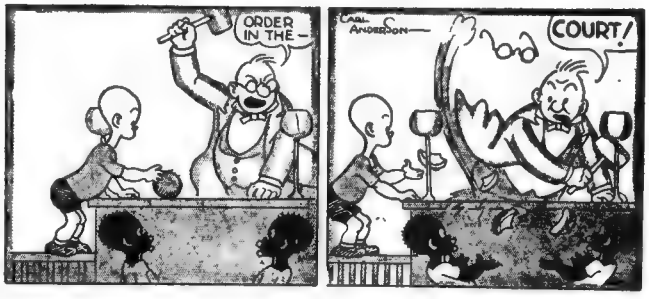

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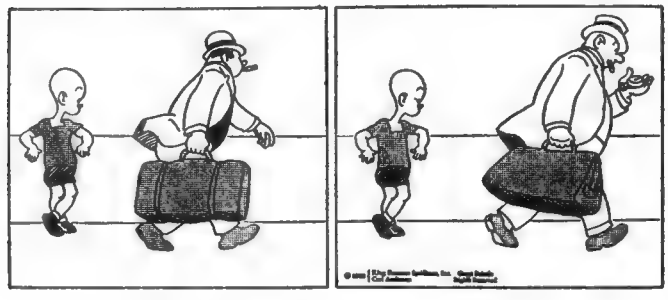

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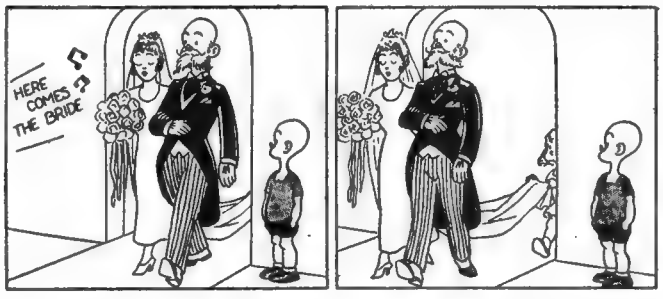

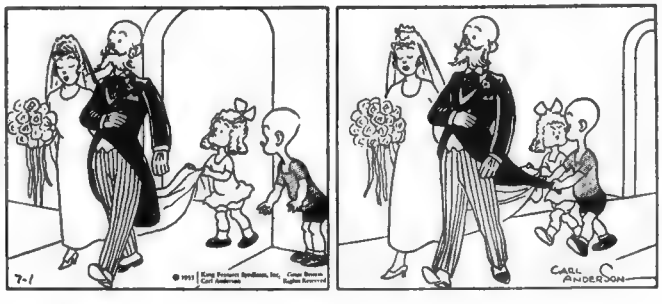

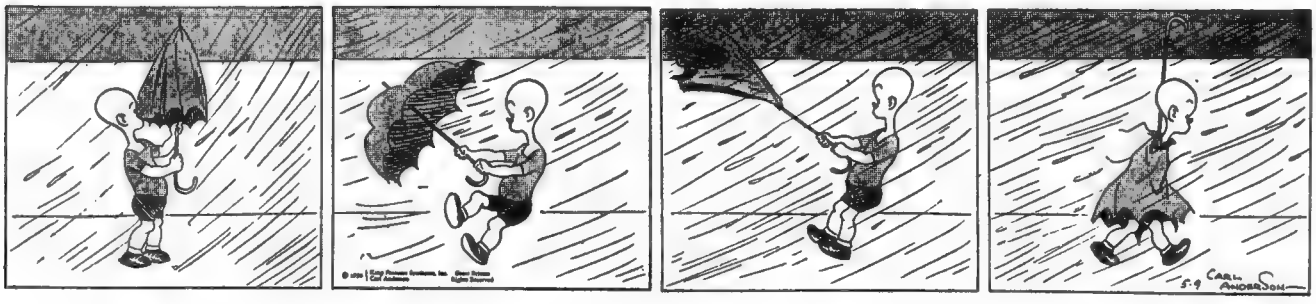

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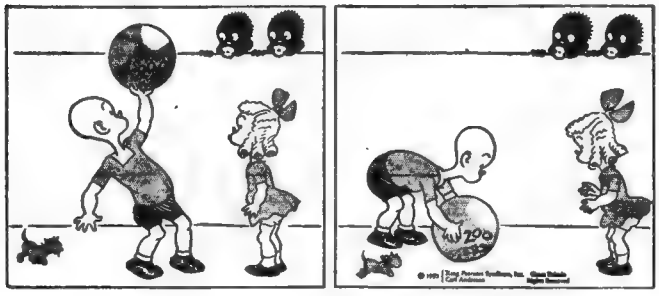

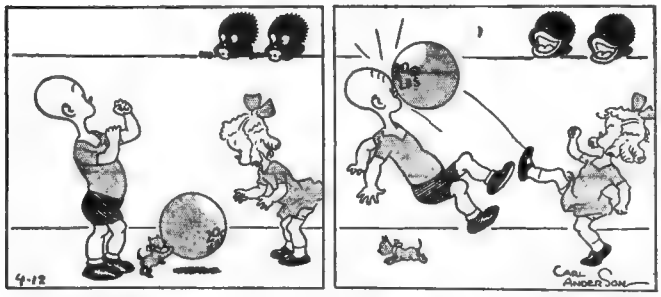

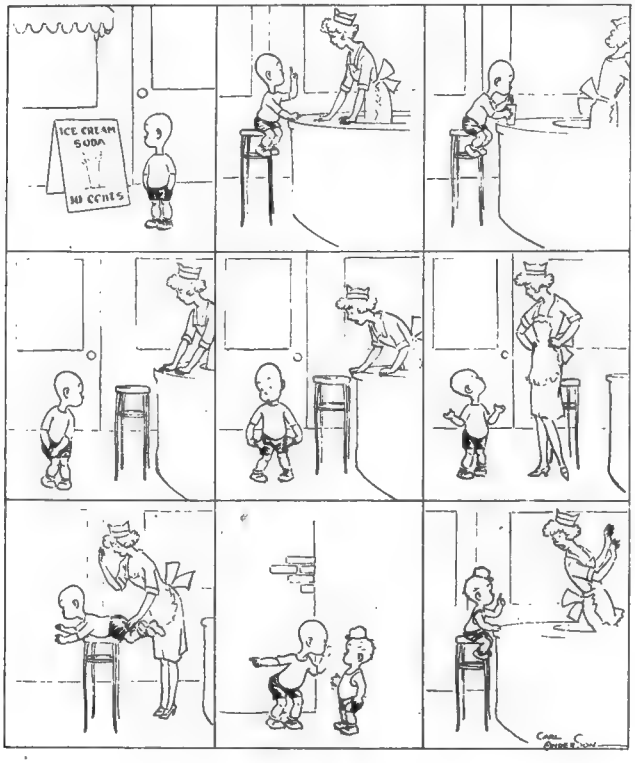

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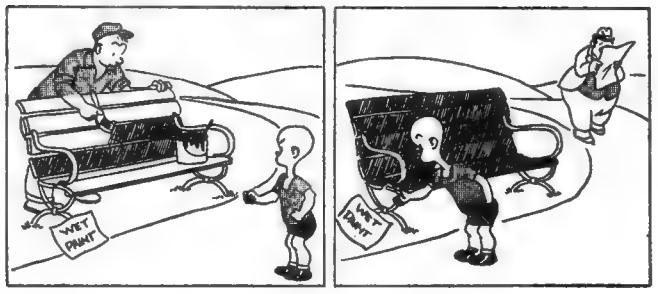

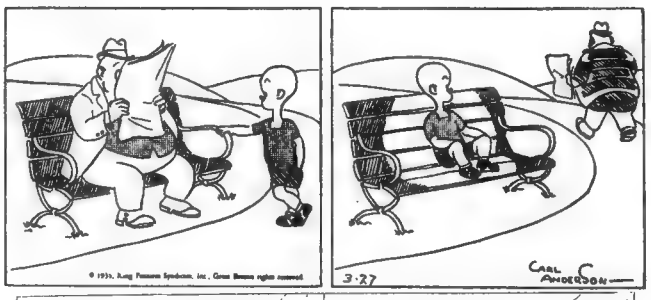

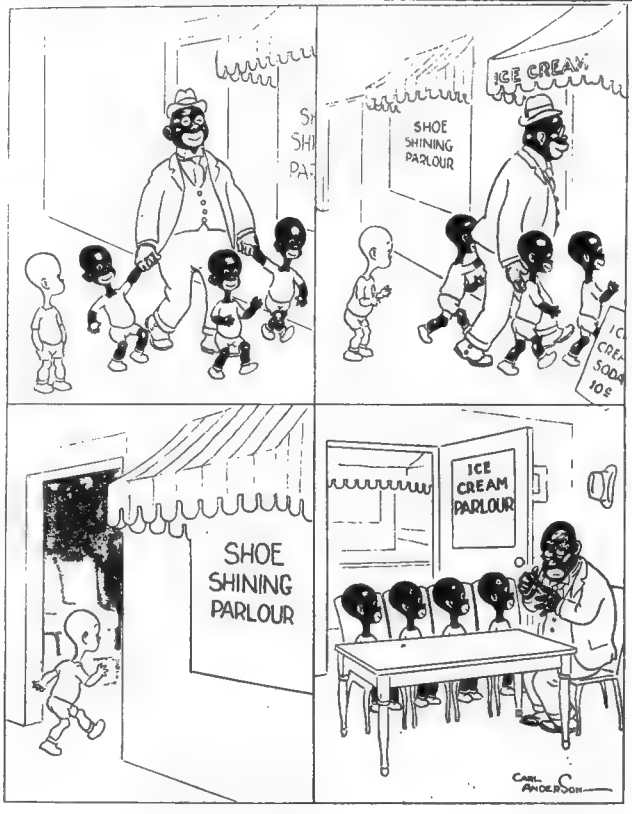

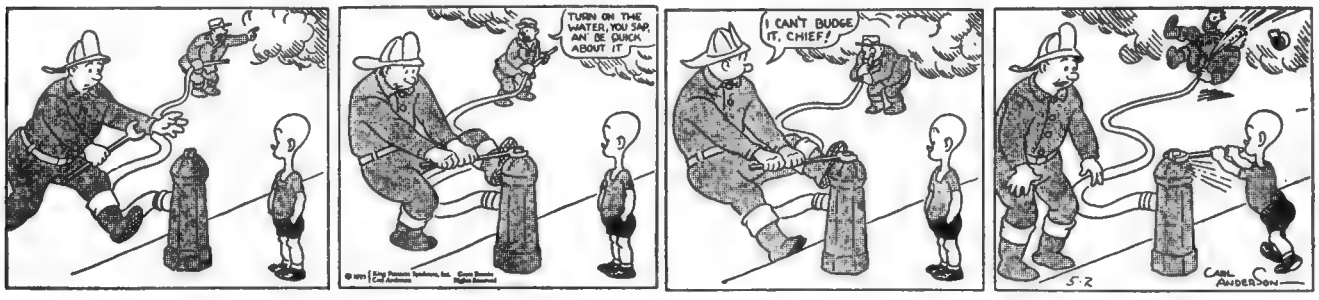

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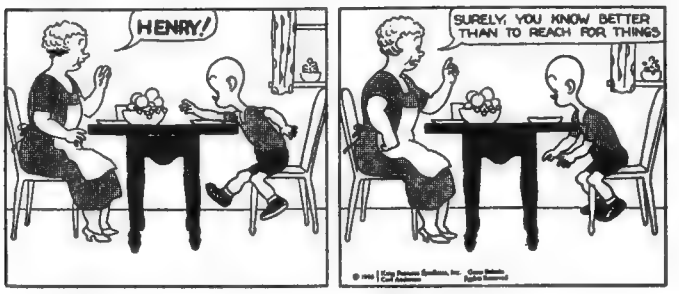

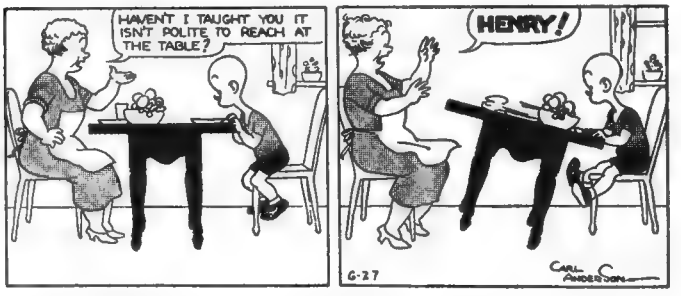

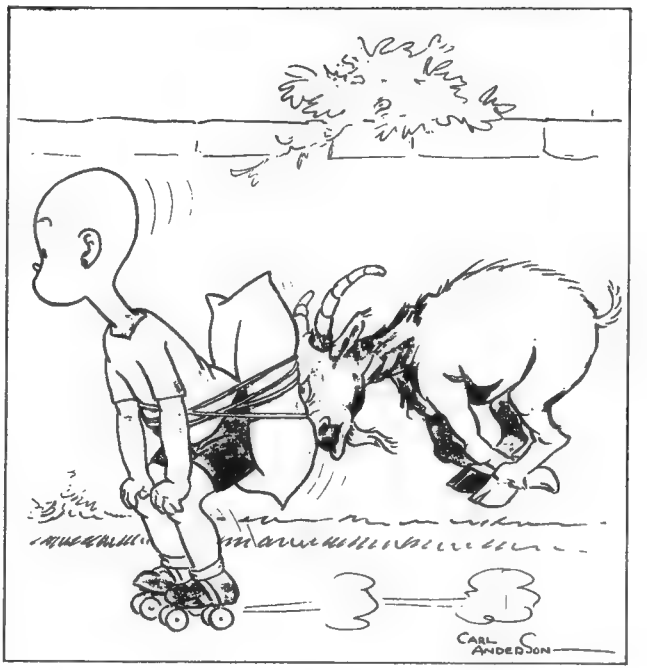

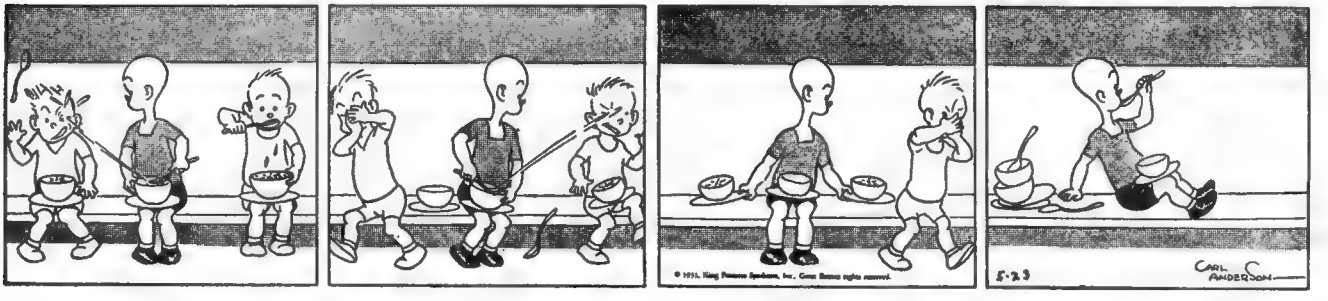

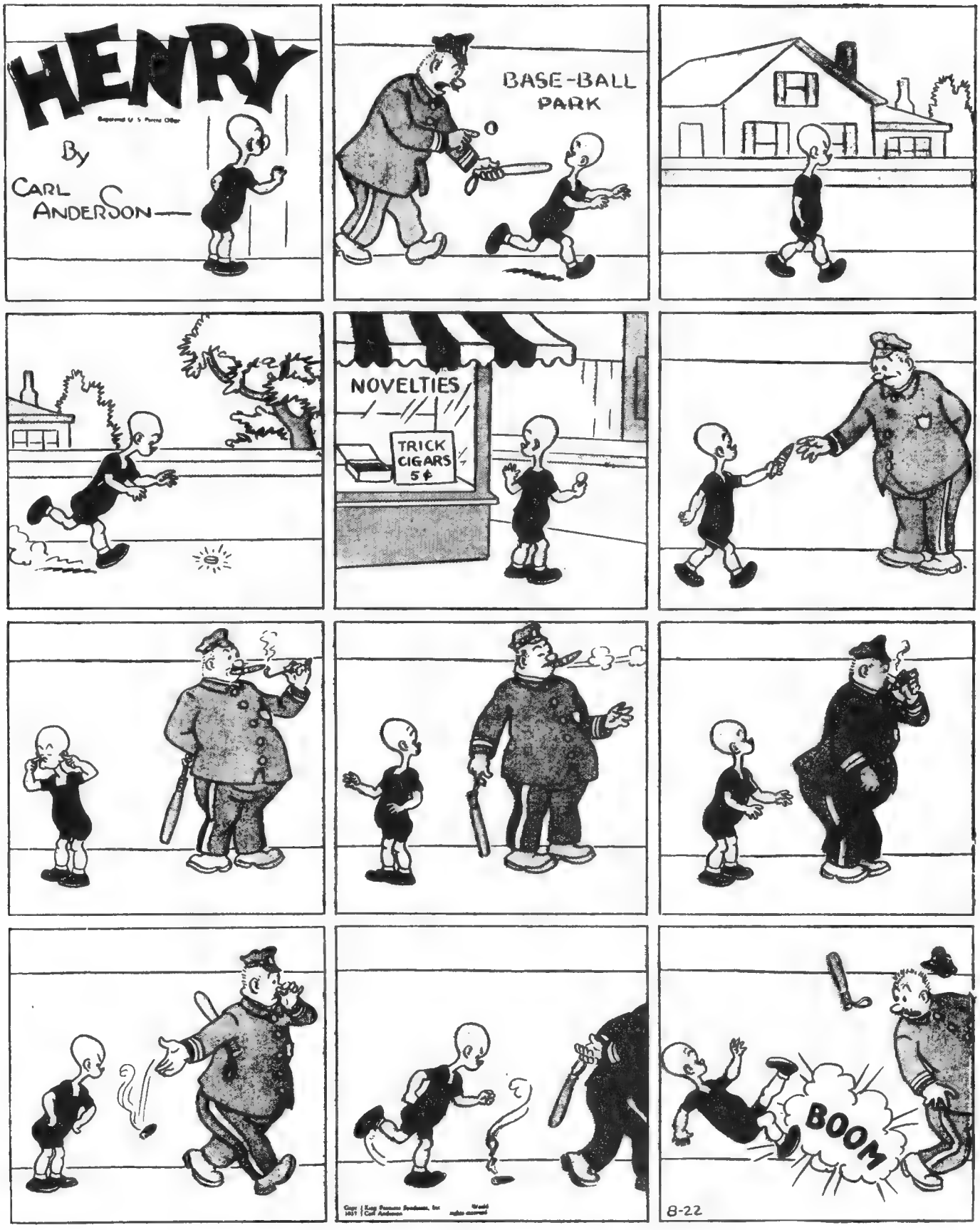
HENRY
By
CARL ANDERSON
BASE-BALL PARK
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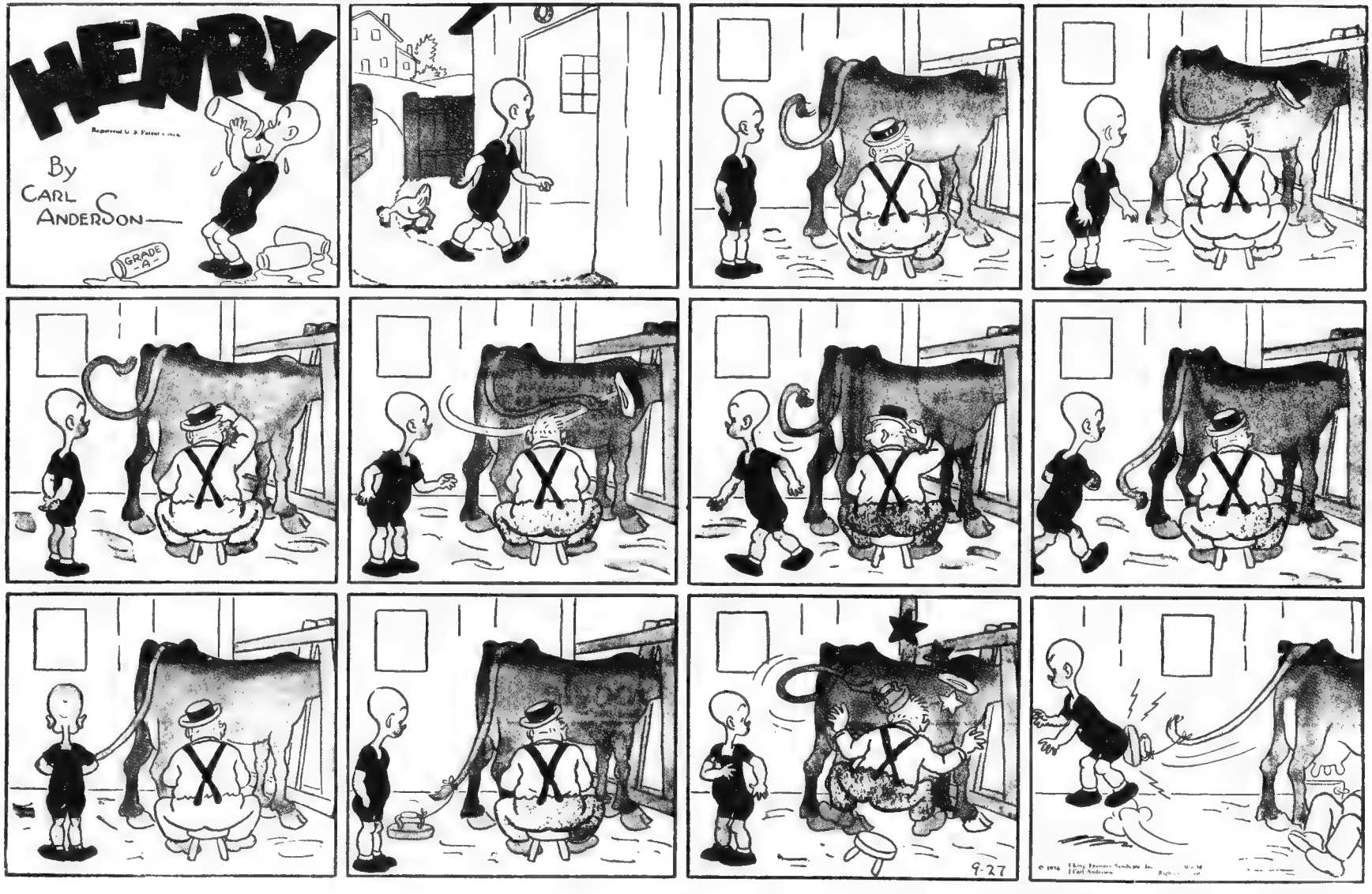

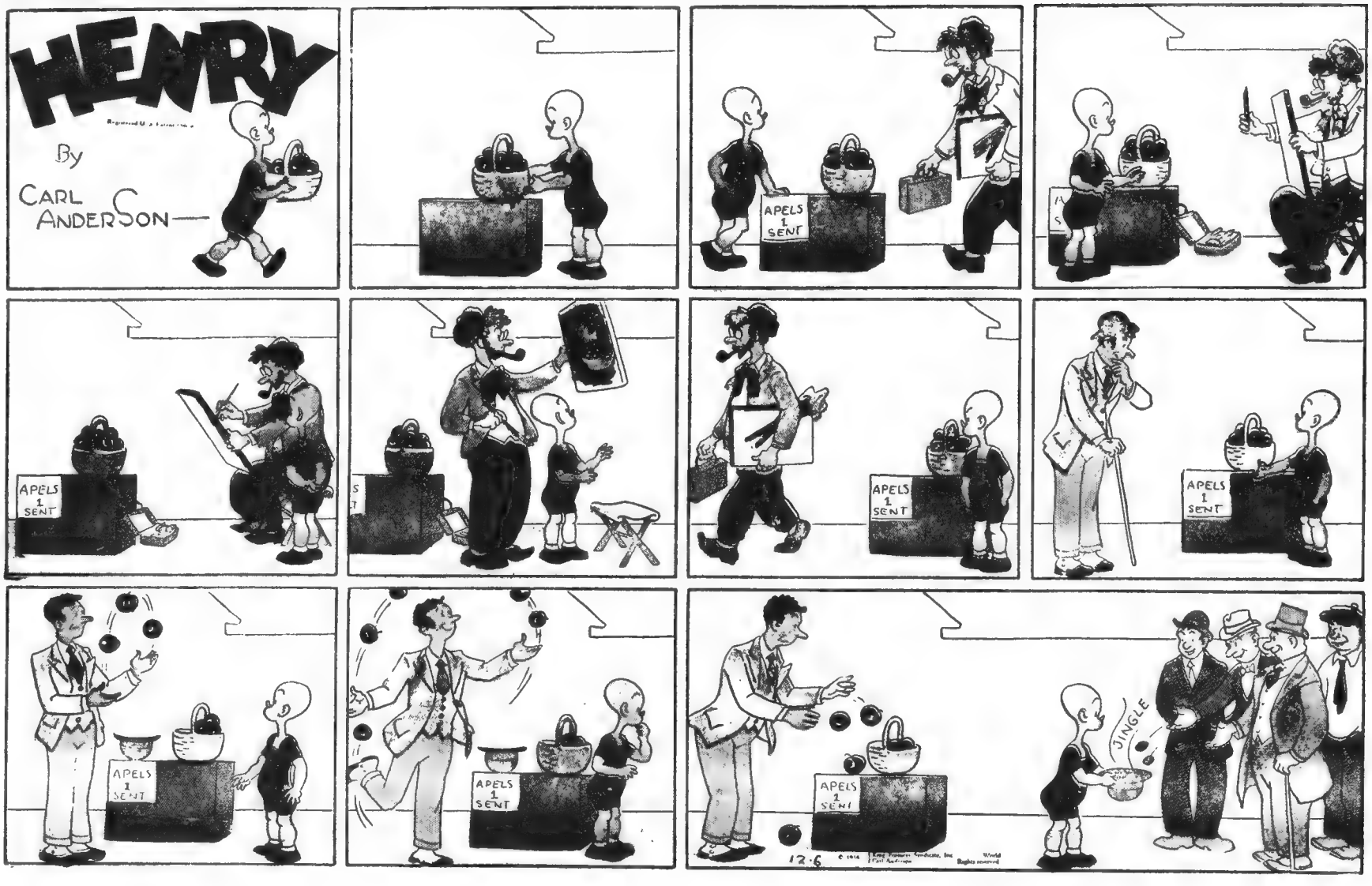
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By
CARL ANDERSON
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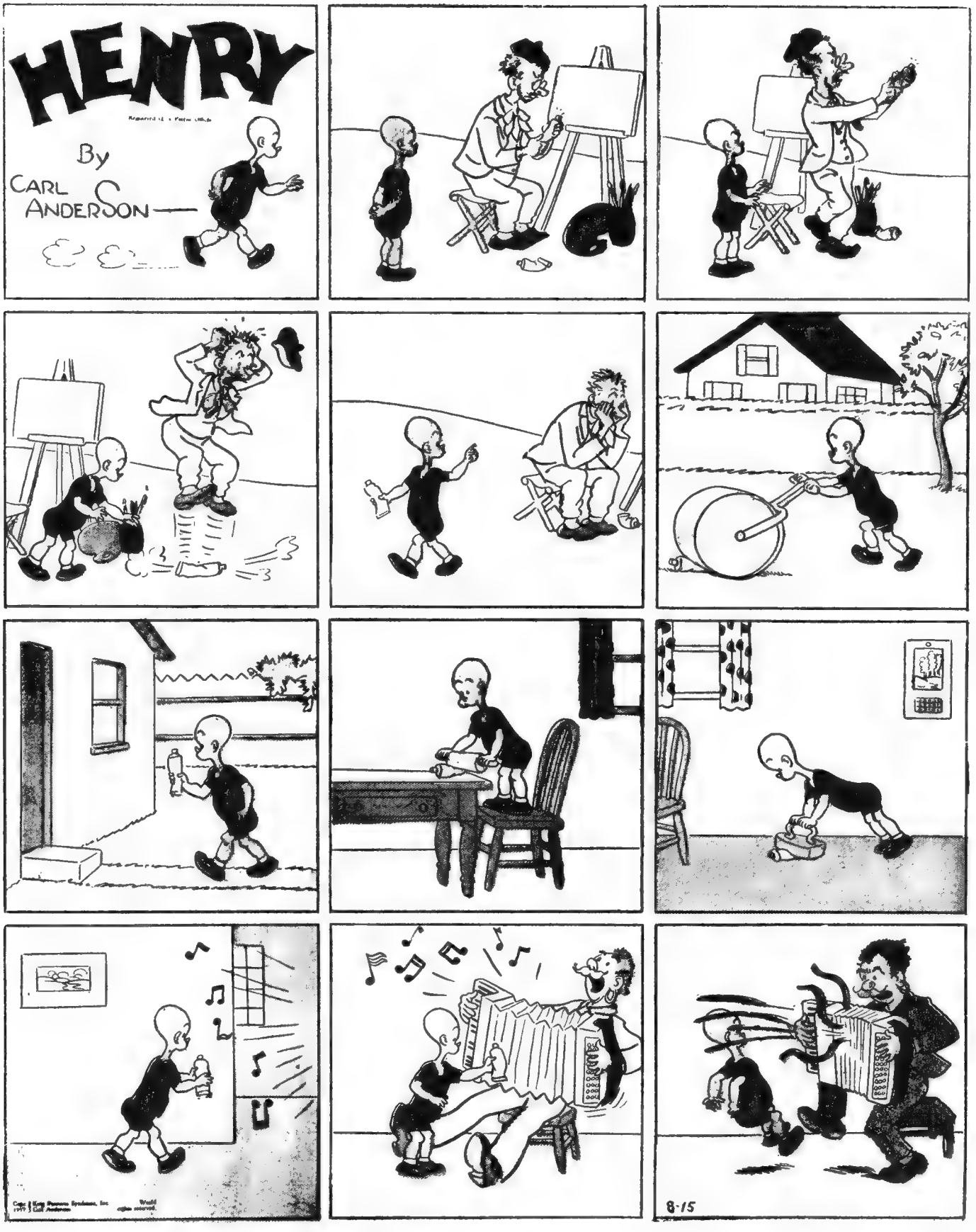
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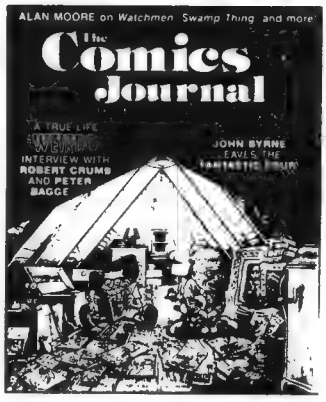

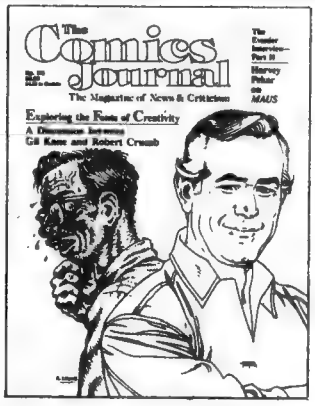

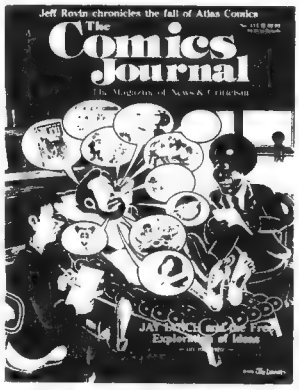

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Grilling the Prime Beefs:

The Outbursts Of Everett True

By Mark Johnson

One of comics' funniest and truly unique characters was Everett True, but he and his creator, A.D. Condo, have unfortunately been forgotten over the years. True's comic outbursts delighted America for two decades.

Condo was one of the workhorses of the early NEA syndicate (then known as the Scripps-MacRae League), and a pioneer of the daily format. He began about 1904 doing spot one-column cartoons on the editorial pages syndicated through the chain, and, in rotation with others such as Lee Stanley, Leet, R.W. Satterfield, and others, the main cartoon at the top of that page. These were all one-shots, usually topical humor, sometimes straight editorials. Developed for the page, in the spring of 1905, was a young baseball player named Duke Murphy. Duke didn't last very long, and Condo's next creation was *Everett True*, which debuted on July 22, 1905.

Everett is not a pretty sight. He's grossly fat, bald as a melon, and clearly past his prime. He's not much fun to be near either, for his severe temper makes him as ugly inside as out. He wastes no time in telling people exactly what he thinks of them, without regard for any standards of politeness. He's basically a mean fellow, intolerant of the slightest bit of inconsideration he might encounter; when his idea of correct behavior is breached, it usually results in property destruction or personal violence of vulgar proportions.

Everett is always met with irksome things every reader could understand—disrespectful children, insincere charity, or Lodge fund campaigns' false advertisements, etc. His encounters with these elements invariably ends in the usual vicious sarcasm or brutal beating. The only one who can stop him is Mrs. True. Originally, she too would hold him in fear, just like anyone else whose path he crossed. The Trues also had several bratty babies, but they eventually disappeared from the feature, as did the Little Woman's respect for Everett. Although she apparently weighs about a hundred pounds, is pipe-cleaner thin, and

middle-aged, she can toss Ev around like a Raggedy Andy doll. So where full grown men of all sizes and big muscular laborers can be clobbered by Everett, scowling little wife can deftly put him in his place (which she often must have thought should be a hospital ward) with scarce effort.

There was another side to the coin. Everett shows basic kindness to those who are pushed around by life: he could fight for the underdog. He'd let the office boy go to the ball game, or violently persuade a manager to talk to his striking employees: he'd punch a man that mocks cripples. Perhaps there is a grain of preachiness to Everett, but it seems Condo had to balance all the head-bashing somehow. His character was at his best against his unsuspecting "foes" like speeders, liars, gossips, practical jokers, braggarts, cheats, borrowers, cheapskates, sissies, advice-givers, snorers, and obnoxious diners.

Much of the public could sympathize with this, and readers took an immediate liking to Everett True. The strip served as a fantasy outlet against the universal peeves that, but for the constraints of civilized society as well as the threat of physical or legal retribution, people can do nothing about. *Everett True* proved to be such a hit that it far exceeded any of the other NEA series or even subsequent Condo creations such as *Daisy Dimples, Mr. Skyjack from Mars*, and *Diana Dillpickles*.

In 1916, The American bioscope film company launched a short series of *Everett True* comedies starring rotund comedian Bobby Bolder. Alas, as is the fate of most silent movies, none survive today.

Everett was sometimes used as a "guest star" in other NEA strips, such as Allman's *Doings Of the Duffs* and Blosser's *Freckles*. A collection of *Trues* was published in 1907 by Saalfield, offering selected 1906-07 episodes. It was popular enought to be reprinted into the 1920s, and in 1983 that book was re-reprinted by Vestal Press. This in turn inspired comic-book writer Tony Isabella to create a new series showing Everett satirically involved in comic-book super-hero situations; the new True originally ran in the fan newspaper *The Comics Buyer's Guide* and has now moved to *The Comics Journal*.

The greatest evidence of *Everett True's* success was how Condo's feature outshone other NEA material. It was syndicated alone to smaller, rural papers, outside the NEA "package" of features.

Unfortunately, Condo found himself in a rut after a while, and the writing became repetitive, with Everett sometimes displaying a hypocritical attitude. For instance, once he pounded a guy for making fun of a stutterer, and another time he himself gets fed up with one and in his frustration resorts to mockery. In another strip, he beats a man unconscious for showing him an indecent picture on a Tuesday, and in the Friday episode he reads that Anthony Comstock (the Victorian moralist) is coming to town to lecture, he sets out for the train station, wielding a brand-new baseball bat!

Everett's favorite weapon was usually his umbrella, always ready for action. Perhaps we are to believe that he doesn't have any specific program to his violence; maybe he just doesn't want anyone to have any fun—or possibly he just wants everyone to be as miserable as he.

Nevertheless *Everett True* is an enjoyable strip, especially when he's totally justified in his attacks and when he spouts vitrolic contempt. In his last years Everett began losing his prominence, the strip never changing much except in size; new strips were coming in, like Roy Crane's *Wash Tubbs*. NEA was offering more strips all the time and Everett's popularity waned until he was even squeezed off the comic page of the syndicate's parent paper, the *Cleveland Press*.

The last example of the strip that research has uncovered is in the Scripps chain's *Toledo News-Bee* on November 15, 1926, at that time being the longest-lived weekday strip. But owing to the pre-1909 NEA policy of offering only one cartoon a day, by a rotating group of cartoonists, *Everett True* can't be called the first successful six-day-a-week "daily" strip; *Mutt and Jeff* would barely edge Ev out. His mayhem would be second only to theirs, too, although Condo's brand was the most vengeful and self-righteous in all the comics.

All artwork from the collection of Mark Johnson

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE
NO WONDER THOSE KIDS SHOW SO MUCH TEMPER — YOU'RE TOO HARSH AND ROUGH WITH THEM — — — —
OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.
WHICH SIDE OF THE HOUSE DID THEY GET THEIR TEMPER FROM ?!! HOW ABOUT THIS ?!!!
GRIDO

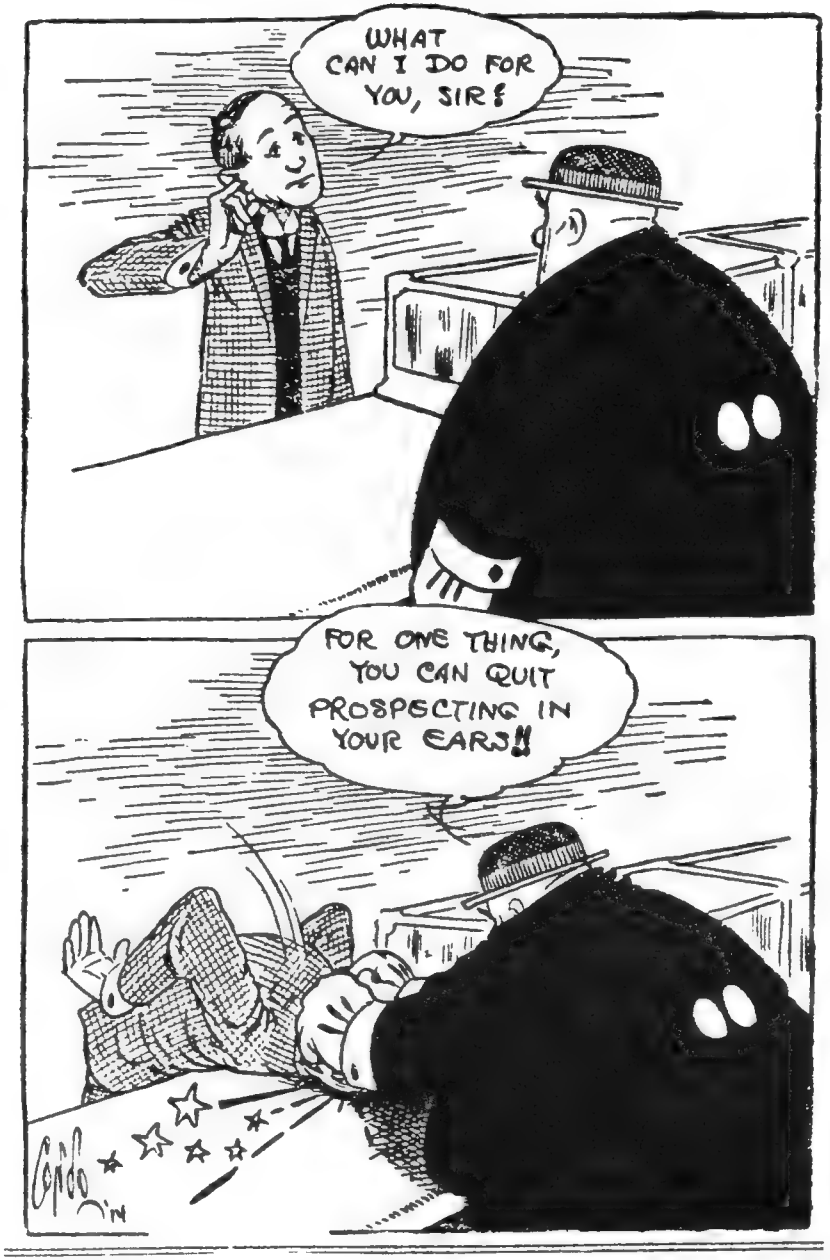
16 September 1907

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.
IT'S A FINE BIG TURKEY EVERETT WE OUGHT TO HAVE ENOUGH LEFT TO MAKE HASH FRIDAY, SATURDAY AND SUNDAY —

30 November 1905

Outbursts of Everett True

BY CONDO.



22 August 1914

Outbursts of Everett True

BY CONDO.

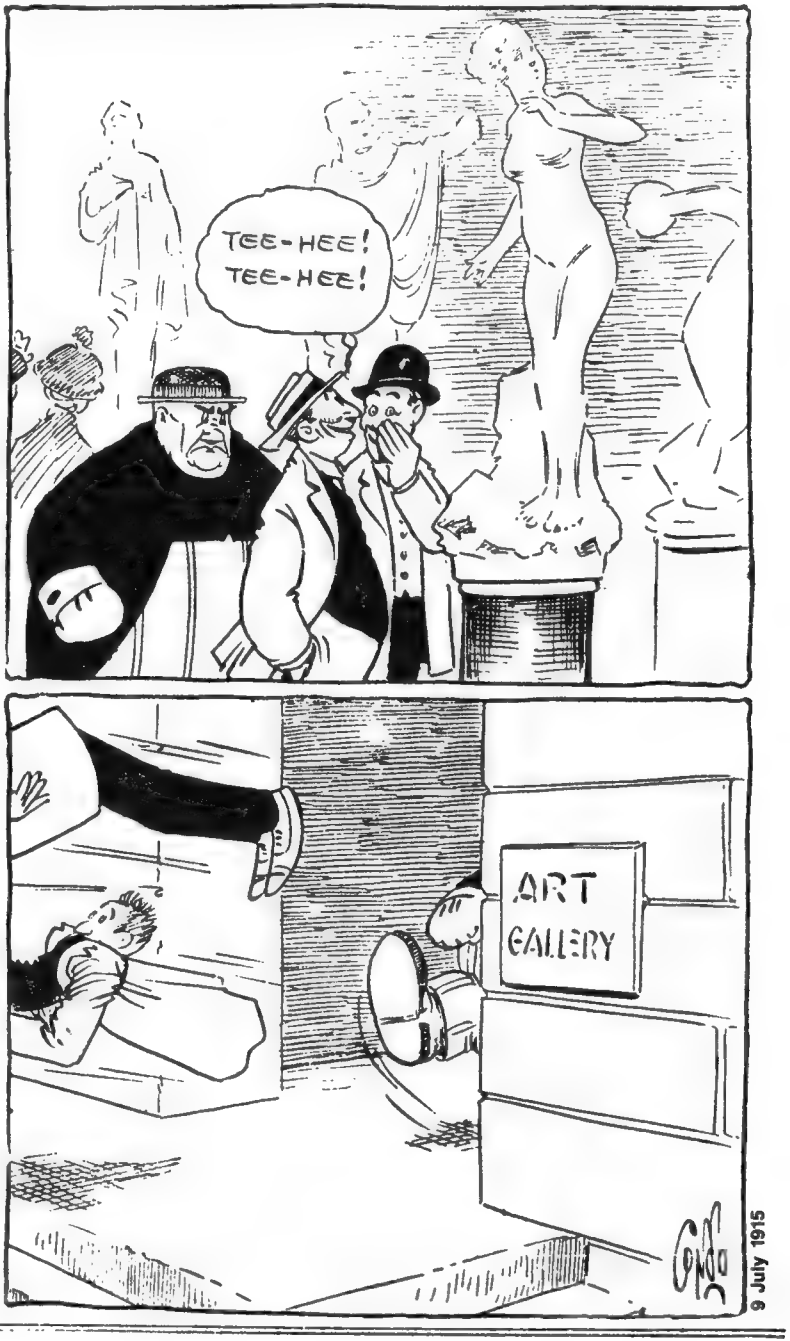
3 September 1914

EVERETT TRUE—By Condo

I HAVE HERE A CAKE OF ICE. I WANT YOU TO SIT ON IT ABOUT HALF AN HOUR!
TAKE OFF YOUR PANTS!!
BR-R-R-R-R-R !!!! I PR-R-ROMISE!! B-BUT I G-GUESS YOU'LL H-H-HAVE TO H-H-H-HELP ME G-G-GET UP!!!
NOW, THEN, IF YOU PROMISE TO PROVIDE SUFFICIENT HEAT IN YOUR APARTMENT HOUSES AFTER THIS, YOU MAY GET UP!!

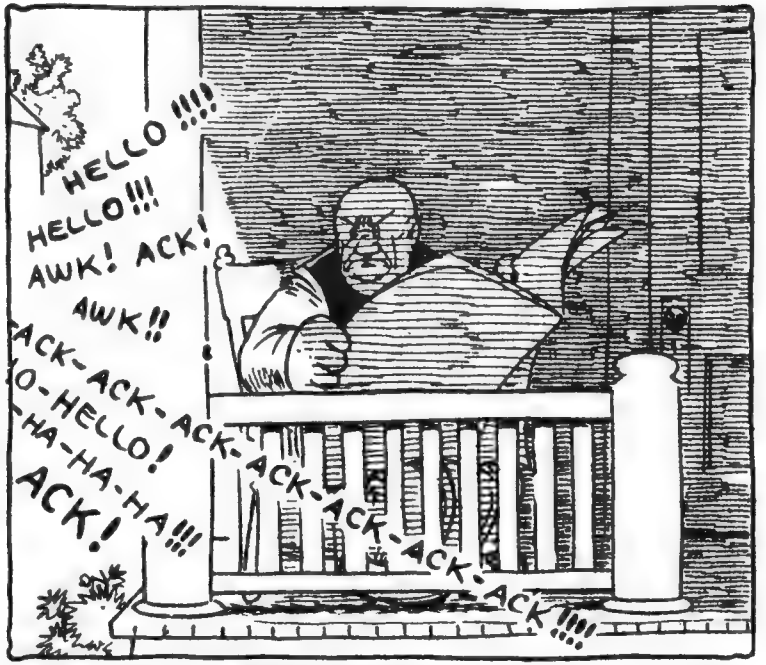
17 January 1919

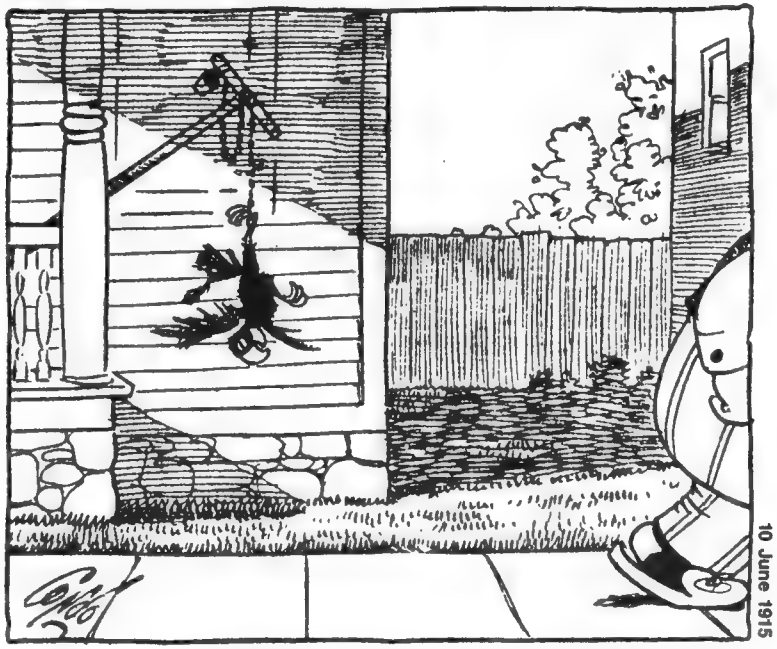
Outbursts of Everett True . . By Condo



9 July 1915

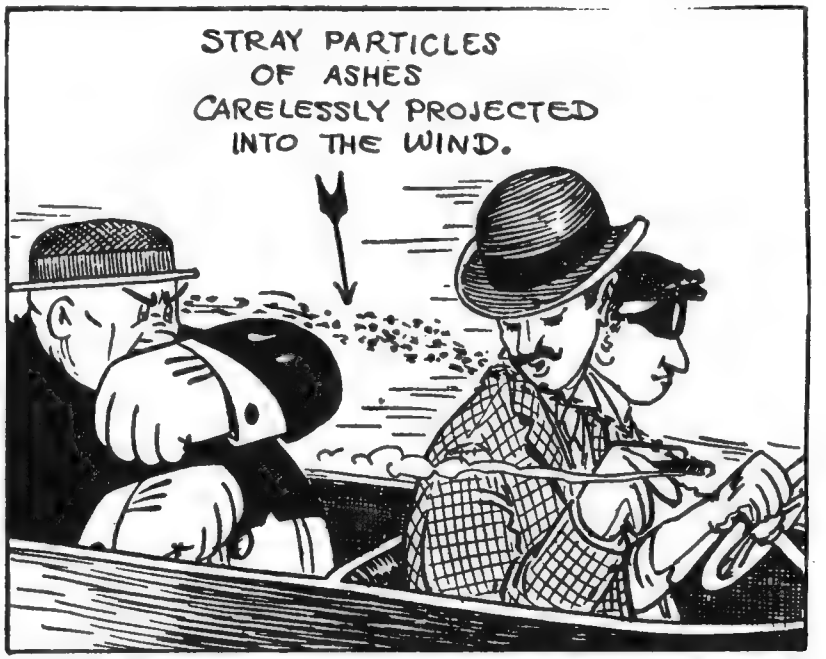
OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE





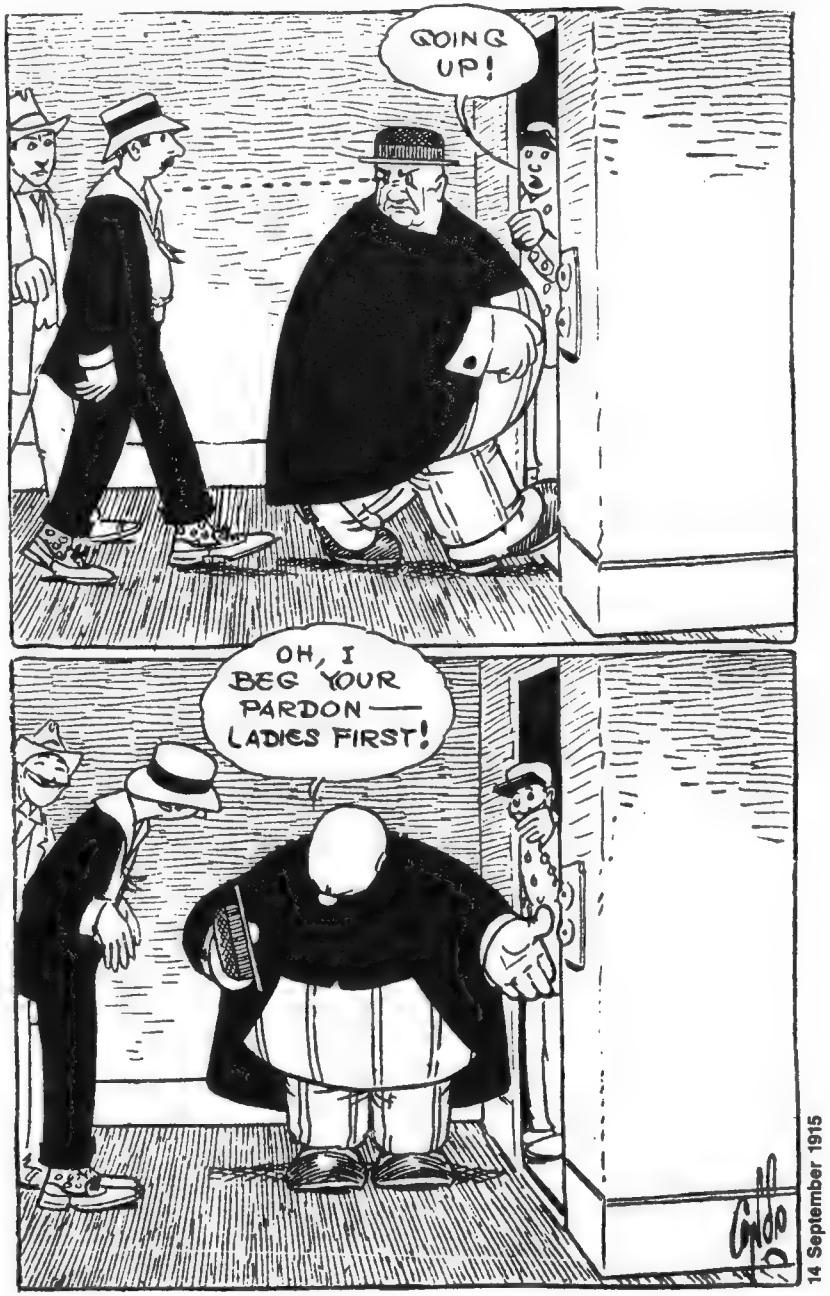
10 June 1915

The Outbursts of Everett True . By Condo



13 November 1915

Outbursts of Everett True . . By Condo



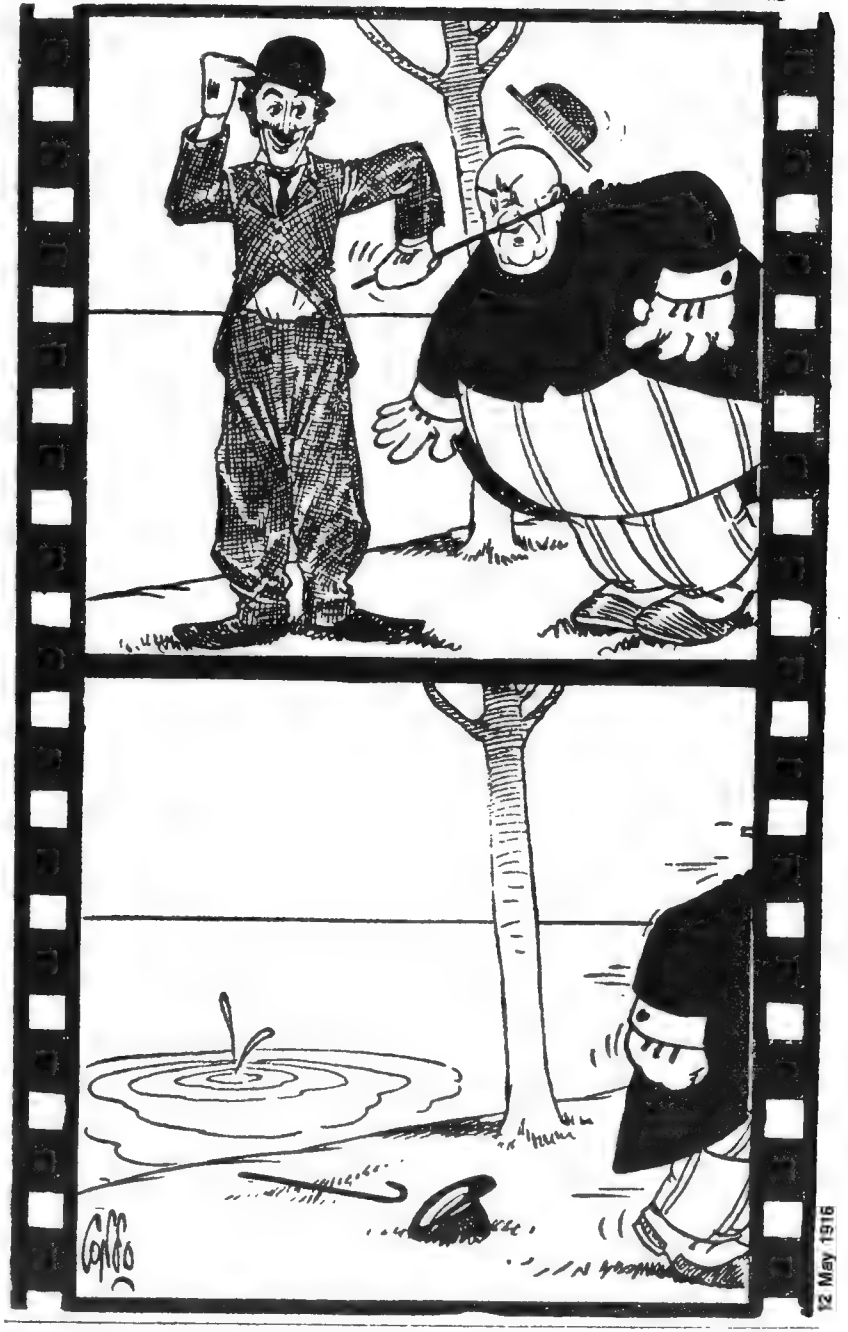
14 September 1915

THE OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE—BY CONDO

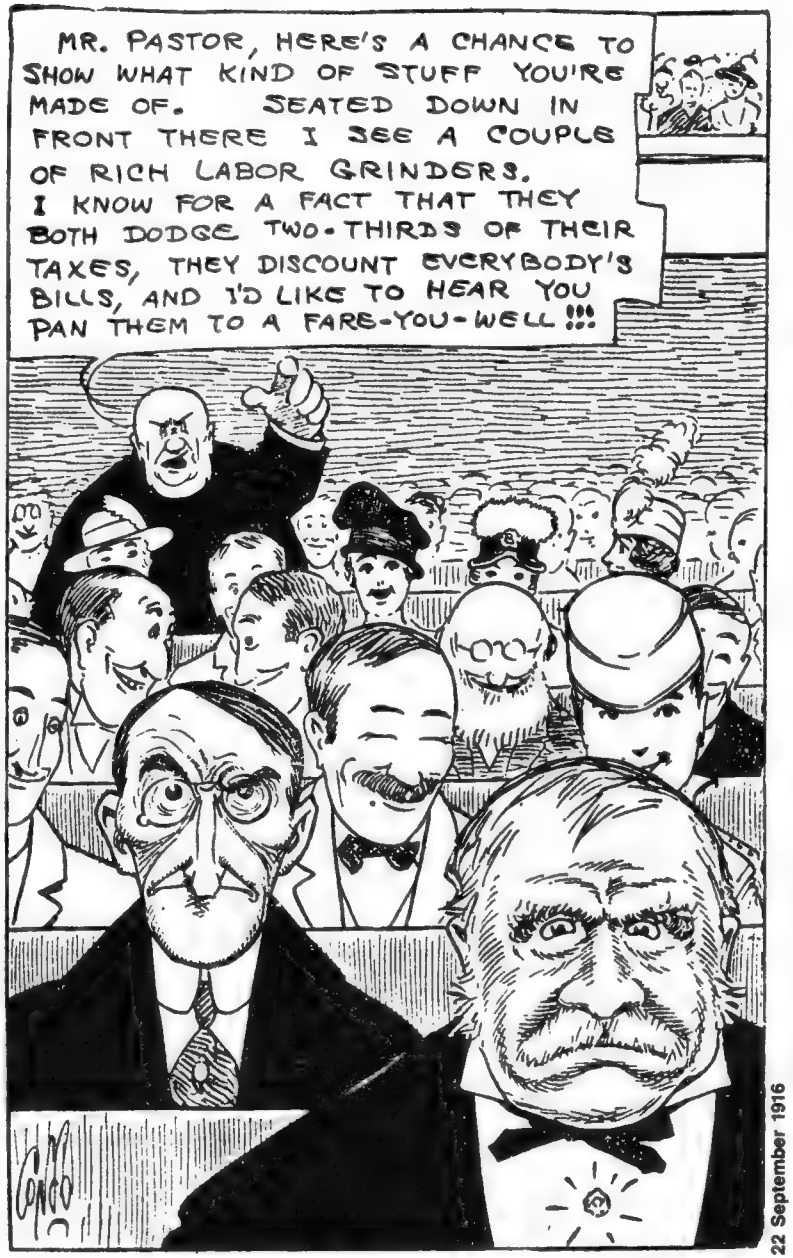
4 August 1916

COME OUT INTO THE LIGHT WHERE I CAN GET A GOOD BEAD ON YOUR MOUTH. I'LL FIX IT SO YOU CAN'T MAKE OSCULATING NOISES WHEN THE FILM HERO KISSES THE GIRL !!!
31 March 1916

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE.



EVERETT TRUE


MR. PASTOR, HERE'S A CHANCE TO SHOW WHAT KIND OF STUFF YOU'RE MADE OF. SEATED DOWN IN FRONT THERE I SEE A COUPLE OF RICH LABOR GRINDERS. I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT THEY BOTH DODGE TWO-THIRDS OF THEIR TAXES, THEY DISCOUNT EVERYBODY'S BILLS, AND I'D LIKE TO HEAR YOU PAN THEM TO A FARE-YOU-WELL !!!
CONDO

22 September 1916

EVERETT TRUE—By Condo

LOOK HERE, JO, EVERETT TRUE'S ON THE JOB AGAIN!
THAT'S ONLY A FEW OF OF THE PEOPLE I'VE MET TODAY WHO INSIST ON TRAVELING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE SIDEWALK! OF COURSE I CAN'T HANDLE THE WOMEN THAT WAY, SO I YELL AT THEM, AND IT KEEPS MY THROAT PRETTY RAW. BELIEVE ME!!!
HONK! HONK!
CONDO

20 November 1917

EVERETT TRUE.—By Condo.

YES, I'M A I.W.W. AN' I'M FER DIRECT ACTION IF ANYBODY ASKS YUH!
I'M FOR DIRECT ACTION MYSELF! BEATING YOU FELLOWS UP AND CHUCKING YOU INTO JAIL AND TARRING AND FEATHERING DON'T SEEM TO DO YOU ANARCHISTS VERY MUCH GOOD, SO WE'LL HAVE TO RESORT TO GREATER CRUELTY— WE'LL TRY SOAP AND WATER ON YOU!!
Condo
22 February 1918

Everett True

By Condo

DON'T ALLOW NO LOITERIN' AROUND THIS CORNER. YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE ON.
SUPPOSING YOU MOVE ALONG ABOUT HALF A BLOCK ON THIS BEAT AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THAT GAMBLING JOINT THAT RUNS FULL SWING RIGHT UNDER YOUR VERY NOSE! IF YOU ARE ITCHING TO DO YOUR DUTY BY THE COMMUNITY, GO DOWN THERE AND SCRATCH!!!
Condo
28 March 1918

WHY DID I LAND ON HIM? I DID IT BECAUSE AFTER MAKING A COMPLETE FAILURE OF EVERY-THING HE EVER UNDERTOOK HE HAS BECOME A RED HOT WAR CRITIC, AND WORKS OVER TIME AT IT!
WELL, BUT HE IS ENTITLED TO FREE SPEECH, ISN'T HE?

15 April 1918

EVERETT TRUE—By Condo

17 July 1919

EVERETT TRUE—By Condo

WHEN A MAN HAS NO HAIR WHY NOT ADMIT THE BALD FACT!!
TAKE A GOOD SQUINT AT ME ONCE AND SEE HOW I LOOK AND I'LL RETURN YOUR PERMANENT WAVE. HOW MANY PEOPLE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE FOOLING BESIDE YOURSELF?!!

12 January 1922

EVERETT TRUE

NO, MR. TRUE, WE HAVEN'T GOT THAT PARTICULAR BRAND, BUT------
"BUT" WHAT? LET'S HEAR YOU SAY THE REST OF THAT OLD BROMIDE!!!
GKK
GKKTHHH-
NEA SERVICE

24 February 1923

Like Action? Ev True's Debut in Movies is a Cyclone!

Bushman Puts on Two Fist Fights—Reviews of Films

EVERETT TRUE comedies, based on the cartoons which appear daily in The Press, had a first showing Sunday at the Orpheum. This first of the series will be there all this week. Its title is "Everett True Breaks Into the Movies."

More persons are knocked down in this picture than in any other film comedy shown this spring in Cleveland.

Everett True, impersonated by Bobby Bolder, is shown at the entrance of a motion picture studio. He has gone there with others to apply for a job as a movie actor. He gets in almost at once after banging his umbrella over the head of an imitator of Charlie Chaplin.

A movie actor isn't putting enough action into a fight. Everett True gets his place. All goes well until word that Everett's role requires him to kiss a movie actress is carried to Mrs. True.

She goes to the studio.

Everett True, in the midst of a scene, sees her coming. One look is enough. He turns and runs. The big stage of the studio has many scenes set up for the cameras. A dozen groups of actors are at work in the different sets.

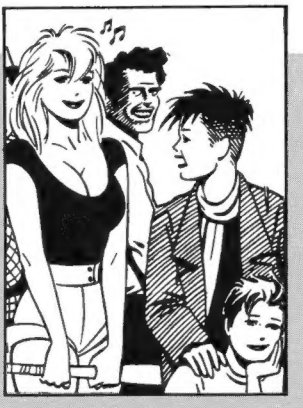
The chase leads thru them all. Cameras, actors and scenery go down in the rush. Those who fail to get out of the way in time are knocked down by Everett True's umbrella. One of the scenes in the studio represents a jail. Everett True breaks into a cell to get away from Mrs. True.

She pulls the cell door off its hinges and upsets it upon the hapless prisoner as she dashes thru after her fleeing husband. His final place of refuge is the dressing room of the movie actresses. There his wife collars him, and drags him forth, out from the studio, and home. Mrs. True is impersonated by Paula Reinbold. The series is produced by the American Bioscope Co. Succeeding comedies in the series are said to be even better than the first, which won many laughs from the audiences Sunday.

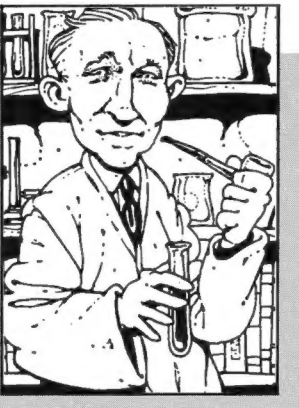
MOVIE STAR—A notice from the *Cleveland Press* of Everett True's movie debut (May 15, 1916).

The Best Work
By The Best Cartoonists In The World...

GILBERT HERNANDEZ

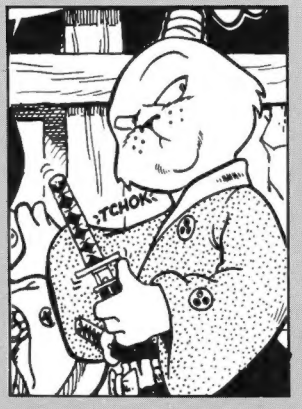


JAIME HERNANDEZ



RICK GEARY

FRIEDMAN BROTHERS



STAN SAKAI

E.C. SEGAR

PETER BAGGE

WM. MESSNER-LOEBS

STEVE DITKO

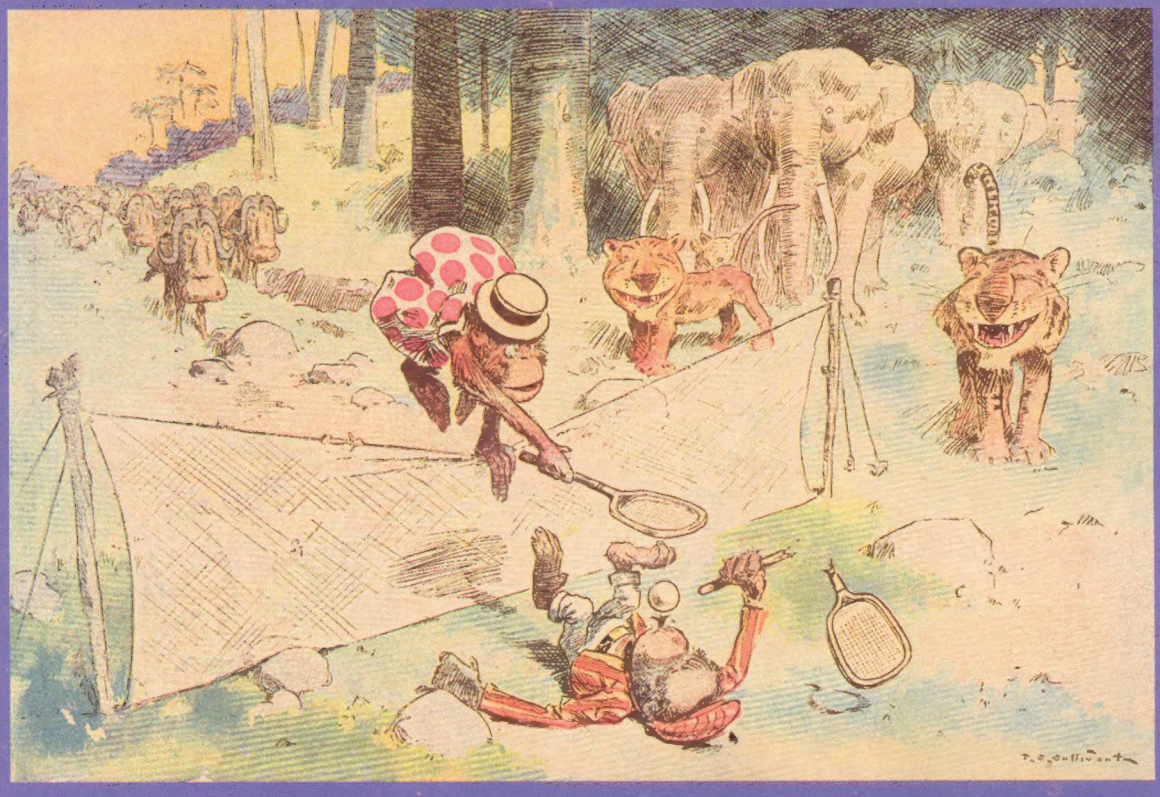
HAL FOSTER

MUNOZ & SAMPAYO

ROBERT CRUMB

From The Best Comics Publisher In The U.S.

At Fantagraphics Books, Comics Isn't A Commodity. It's An Art.



A portfolio of cartoons from T.S. Sullivant's classic menagerie.